CHRISTIAN REGISTER
AND BOSTON OBSERVER.

DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1838. NO. 897--VOL. XVII.—NO. 42.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

From the Protestant Episcopalian.

COUNTRY CHURCH YARD EPITAPHS.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply,
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

Gray's Elegy.

I know of nothing better adapted to elevate the thoughts of man above the follies and vain pursuits of the world, than the simple lessons of morality and virtue to be found in a country church yard; and there are few things that convey a sterner lesson to him who forgets his MAKER in the pursuits of worldly grandeur and honors, than the crude memorials eked out by the 'unlettered muse,' and engraven upon the frail stone that marks, for a season, the place of the final repose of suffering mortality.

A visit to a country church yard rarely fails to produce a salutary influence on the mind, however worn by the anxieties of business, or depressed by sorrows or misfortune. It reminds us that there will soon be an end of all our cares, and of all our woes; that we, too, must lie down in the dust. It reminds, us, most forcibly, that we must DIE! It tells us, with mournful impressiveness, that 'in the midst of life we are in death'—that 'man who is born of a woman hath but a short time to live. He cometh up and is cut down like a flower, he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay.' Those narrow abodes, those grassy hillocks, are tenanted by forms once instinct with life, possessing like passions with ourselves. Where, and what are they now! Their hopes, their fears, their warm aspirations, their generous affections, their resentments, their griefs and their troubles,—all are hushed, forgotten, and have left no trace of their brief, short-sighted and fleeting existence! The places that knew them once perhaps already know them no more. They are among the measureless stores of the forgotten things of the past. Vain, careless, infatuated man! behold thy destiny!

'Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon.'

A few generations and our memories will have faded from the earth. Time, which has been eloquently styled the 'beautifier of the dead,' will soon sweep our very names into oblivion, and if hereafter, some casual circumstance should perchance reveal our mouldering frames, it will be only 'to point a moral or adorn a tale.'

Around us are the habitations of the dead. All ages and all ranks—from the beautiful infant fresh from the hand of its CREATOR, too pure to breathe the pestilential air of life, to the hoary patriarch of three score years and ten,—sleep, side by side, within the grave.

'The hopeful and the hopeless, first and last,
The earliest summoned, and the longest spared,
Are here deposited with tribute paid,
Various, but unto each some tribute paid.'

The statesman whose mighty grasp of mind could control the destinies of nations, and lead them, in glittering magnificence, to the goal of earthly power and greatness,—the veteran soldier whose energy of soul led to the achievement of 'deeds of high emprize,' and gave to his country a name among the nations of the earth,—the orator whose splendid appeals of impassioned and heart-stirring eloquence inspired and stimulated both in their march to fame;—and gentle woman, whose compassionate spirit would shrink from all that prompts a sigh of sorrow, all are crowded here into this narrow receptacle for the cast off dust of evanescent mortality, and

'the golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite hosts of Heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.'

My earliest leisure, upon my arrival at a village, is employed in a visit to the church yard, and I always enjoy a strange and melancholy pleasure in transcribing the inscriptions upon the tombs,—the simple, but not the less touching records of departed worth. Often, however, I meet with inscriptions that would cause an involuntary smile to light up the pensive features of him who loves to meditate among the tombs. Near this village lie entombed the 'mortal remains' of the 'baker general' to the Father of his country, who 'generously left' at his death, a considerable sum of money 'for the education of poor children *gratis*.' But this is inferior to many others. Let the reader judge of the merits of the following; I copy them after the fashion in which they are engraven upon the tombstones:

I.

'Come look on me as you
pass by; as you are now so
once was I, as I am now so
You must be, prepare for death
And follow me.'

II.

'Now I am dead and in my grave,
And all my bones are rotten,
Look on this and think of me,
When I am quite forgotten.'

III.

'Farewell dear husband
father and mother
brothers and sisters all,
as i have gone before you
to shew you the road
you must follow me all!

IV.

'My dearest friends, that dwell above,
Them will I go to see;
And all my friends in Christ below
Will soon come after me.'

V.

'Death's but a step why
Should we weep for those
in Christ who dye since
this we know to peace
they go, and joys
possess on high.'

The following, upon an infant, possesses at least one great excellence—brevity:

VI.

'No more the pleasant child is
seen. To please its parents' *I*,
The tender plant so fresh and
green, Is in eternity.'

This, however, is surpassed by the following, also upon an infant:

VII.

'Short was my life
And long my rest,
Christ call'd me home
He tho't it best.

The first two following stand, in beautiful simplicity, upon their own merits, and need no comment:

VIII.

'Go, my sweet child, obey the call of Heaven,
Thy sins were few, and are, we trust, forgiven;
Yet ah! what pen can paint thy parent's woe!
God only gives the balm who struck the blow.'

IX.

'Lovely in life, but lovelier far
In death the beauteous ruin lay,
And calm as summer's evening star,
She sweetly breathed her life away.'

X.

'Now when thy morn of life is fled
No second spring to thee returns;
When age with snow shall crown thy head
The lamp of life but faintly burns.'

XI.

'While with the spirits of the just,
My Savior I adore,
I smile upon my sleeping dust
That now can weep no more.'

XII.

'God has my naked soul received,
Now separate from the flesh,
He'll break the prison of the grave,
And raise my bones afresh.'

XIII.

'A youth is laid beneath this stone,
Death nipt the bud, the blossom's gone!
Be still each parent's sighing heart,
Time is but short that we must part.
When we again in glory meet,
'Twill turn past bitters into sweet.'

XIV.

'Afflictions sore, long time I bore,
Physicians were in vain,
But God, at last, he heard me moan
And eased me of my pain.'

XV.

'Weep not for me, thy tears disturb my rest,
Christ call'd me hence, no doubt he thought it best.'

XVI.

'Like as the bud nipt off the tree,
So death has parted you and me;
Therefore, dear wife, I you beseech
Be satisfied, for I am rich.'

XVII.

'Verses on tomb-stones are but idly spent;
The living character's the monument.

XVIII.

'Death has conkered me,
By his dart I'm slain,
Christ shall conker he
When I shall rise again.'

XIX.

'Dear wife and children do not weep
I am not dead but here do sleep
Within this solid lump of clay
Until the resurrection day,
And here my body must remain
Till Christ shall call me forth again.'

These are a few, from many equally concise, and possessing all the variety of sentiment, diction and measure, which so strongly characterise those I have copied, and which would obtain as patient reading even from the most careless.

I have ever wished, when my summons shall arrive, to be buried in a country church yard, and should be perfectly satisfied to know that to the rustic muse would be entrusted the task of recording, what after all, can be said of the most mighty, that I lived and died. There the unsophisticated visitant will wander among the tombs, and heartily sympathise with the sorrows pourtrayed upon the frail memorial, which guards the rest of mortality. How unlike this genuine feeling are the scenes I have witnessed in the city, where the multitude, indifferent to time and place, 'trample brute-like' upon the graves, and rend the air with obstreperous mirth! I should mistrust the man who could visit the sanctuaries of the dead, with feelings unsubdued by the solemn scene with which he is surrounded; where, if man is ever free from swelling pride, it must be there; and, if ever so disposed, will then turn to the Omniscient Ruler of the Universe, with a heartfelt acknowledgment of His superior power over proud, self-important, and blustering fallibility. Whoever has visited a grave-yard, particularly of an evening, when the 'clear, cold moon' is shining in her unobscured splendor—and as if in triumph of her superior durability—upon the marble tenements which on every side meet the sorrowing gaze, must have experienced, in its full force, this wholesome feeling, which, under no other circumstances, obtains so complete a mastery over the mind, intermingled with the deepest humiliation, and dependence upon Him who is 'God from everlasting and world without end.'

It is a beautiful custom to rear these humble monuments to the memories of those whom we have lost. The longing heart desires even after the separation, to be employed in offices of affection; and these sad duties to the departed are graciously prompted and permitted by an all-wise and protecting Providence. They tend to alleviate the grief which is the inevitable consequence of severe bereavement. The dead, perhaps, know it not, but the living find consolation in these solemn rites—these final cares, and they bow with sincerer and humbler resignation to the stern decree of separation, when they reflect that those for whom they mourn, departed from *among their kindred*, and not in a far distant land beyond the reach of their anxious and affectionate ministrations and care.

There is another thought which must occur to the meditative mind during these visits to the 'cities of the dead,' and it adds to the dignity of our nature to cherish it. We, nowhere, meet with evidence that resentment toward the dead is carried beyond the grave.

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM.

Is it not LAMB, the first of modern essayists, who illustrates this sentiment with so much beauty and pathos? '*Man*,' he says, '*wars not with the dead.* It is a *trait* of human nature for which I love it.' And with what exquisite tenderness to the *shades* of character, does an anonymous poet evince in the last stanza of the following lines, written in view of the beautiful monument erected in Scotland to the memory of BURNS!—The singular beauty of this poetic gem will render unnecessary any apology for its introduction here:

'Is yonder little snowy dome,
The sacred shrine—the silent tomb,
Where thinking strangers love to come,
Where genius mourns,
The last, the solitary home
Of thee, poor Burns!

'Yes—yes, that dome adorns thy bed,
'Twas given by those who scarcely bread
When living gave thee—not a shed
To hide thy wants,
But now, would o'er thy mouldering head
Build monuments!

'This little spot is thine—and who
Shall turn thee from thy tenure now?
Thy lease is long, thy landlord true,
Thy troubles cease:—
The great possess no more than thou
From Heaven's lease.

'Swan of the Nith! thy wing was light,
Thy plumes were whitest of the white,
But wild and wayward was thy flight
From wave to wave,
One course was thine, headstrong and bright,
Even to thy grave!

'SWAN OF THE NITH! IF AUGHT IN THEE
SULLIED THY BRIGHTNESS,—NONE SHOULD SEE
THE BLEMISH:—MEN SHOULD VIEW, LIKE ME,
THY LIFE'S SHORT DREAM,
AND LET THY FAULTS, LIKE SWAN'S FEET, BE
SUNK IN THE STREAM!'

In looking over a late English publication, I found the following lines, and as I searched in vain, during one of my recent visits to the sepulchres of the dead, for something especially applicable to my fair readers, I cannot resist the temptation to transcribe them:

'Her temper mild, her manner such,
Her language good, but not too much!'

The following is in a somewhat satirical vein;

'Here the remains of Thomas Prescott lay,
Call'd, by death's mandate, suddenly away,—
He deemed it passing strange the tyrant grim
Should think of one who never thought of him.'

Can any thing better express the utter desolation of a father's heart, than the touching, heart-rending exclamation of the king of Israel, which is, I believe, engraven upon a tomb in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, near Paris?

Monfils, monfils!
Plut a Dieuque je fusse
Mort moi-meme pour toi!'

The following is said to be inscribed upon the tomb of an Idiot boy at Colne, in Lancastershire, England. It is very, *very* beautiful:

'If *innocence* may claim a place in heaven,
And *little* be required for *little* given,
My great Creator has for me in store
A world of bliss—what can the wise have more?'

The Elegiac Stanzas upon himself by the unhappy DERMODY,—a poet, like Chatterton, of brilliant but wayward genius,—and which I regret are too long for insertion entire, are exceedingly *apropos* to my present purpose:

'To pleasure's wiles an easy prey
Beneath this sod a bosom lies;
Yet spare the meek offender's clay,
Nor part with dry averted eyes.

'O stranger! if thy wayward lot
Through Folly's heedless maze has led,
Here nurse the true, the tender thought,
And fling the wild flow'r o'er his head.

'For he by this cold hillock clod,
Where tall grass twines the pointed stone,
Each gentlest balm of feeling had
To soothe all sorrows but his own.'

Lord Byron, in the notes to Childe Harold, has recorded a beautiful epitaph on a young Aventian priestess, who died soon after a vain attempt to save the life of her father, condemned to death as a traitor by Aulus Cœcina:

Julia Alpinula
Hic jaceo
Infelicis patris, infelix proles
Deæ Aventiæ Sacerdos;
Exorare patris necem non potui
Male mori in fatis ille erat,
Vixi annos XXIII.*

'I know of no human composition,' observes the Poet, 'so affecting as this, nor a history of deeper interest,' and the hearts of all who read will bear ready testimony to the truth of the remark. It is one of the few similar memorials which have escaped the corroding tooth of time. *Providence* appears to have interposed to preserve, for the imitation and instruction of posterity, a most touching instance of filial devotion. Generation has succeeded generation, empires have arisen to the very *acme* of worldly grandeur and power, and next, sharing in the general doom, have fallen into decay and oblivion; while the beautifully simple story of this youthful maiden, distinguished for her 'natural piety,' surviving them all,—fenced about and guarded as they were by the artful devices of man for perpetual preservation,—has come down to the distant age in which we live, and to this, then unknown continent, to awaken our sympathy and admiration, and by showing that the Roman bosom, which we are too apt to invest with the sterner qualities of the heart, could also swell and glow with the tenderer emotions of our better nature, affording an impressively affecting proof that God 'hath made of one blood all the nations who dwell upon the face of the earth.'

In the selection of original epitaphs I have confined myself principally to the quaint, not that others of an opposite character could not be produced; but, I may, at some future time, make a further selection from the same sources, which will exhibit a strain of poetry and feeling, seldom, if ever, surpassed by the pomp and circumstance, of studied phraseology which so often obtrude themselves upon our view in the church yards of the city, where learning, divorced from nature, can add neither beauty nor force—either to the sentiment or language—which receive not from the stranger the 'passing tribute of a sigh,' but frequently serve rather to raise in the minds of the thoughtful, a feeling of pity for the folly of man.

Germantown. J. S. L.

*Here lies
Julia Alpinula
the unhappy daughter of an unhappy sire
Priestess of the goddess Aventia;
unable to save the life of my Father
whose death was decreed by the Fates
I died, aged XXIII years.*

A PROBLEM FOR ATHEISTS.

We have little hope from reasoning with atheists. Those who have deliberately adopted atheistical opinions are probably very few; and they, as well as those who put on atheism occasionally, are generally more governed by appetite and passion, than by argument. Still, it may be well, at times, to show some of the difficulties with which their doctrines are surrounded.

To us, the idea of matter, except as the antithesis and the effect of mind, is utterly incomprehensible. The idea of a creative mind seems to be implied in the idea of matter. But this the atheist does not feel, and for the present we let it pass, and the existence of matter.

One of the essential qualities of matter, all natural philosophers teach us, is inertness; its perfect indifference to motion and rest. Matter—never moves, except as it is moved. When at rest, it would remain at rest forever, unless moved by the application of force. This doctrine lies at the foundation of all natural philosophy; of all the mechanic arts; of all astronomical calculations. Whence, then, comes motion? One body moves another, by striking it; but what moved the first? What *began* the motion? Evidently, it was *mind*.

But perhaps the Atheist will say that *attraction* is a law of matter, and the cause of all motion. Suppose it be so. What is the efficient cause of attraction? Where is the power, which enforces that universal law? Can matter act where it is not? But we will not insist on this. We will assume the existence of this law, in operation.

Attraction operates only in right lines. By it, two bodies which attract each other are drawn directly towards each other. More than two bodies, mutually attracting each other, are drawn in straight lines towards their common centre of gravity. Or, if a part of them, being in the vicinity of each other, are deflected from straight lines towards each other, they will still be drawn continually towards the common centre of gravity.

Whence, under these conditions, comes *motion in an orbit?* This is the question which we wish the Atheist to answer. Let him, in imagination, create such worlds, and place them in such positions, that, by the law of gravitation, motion in orbits will be produced. He may have the whole of infinite space to work in; he may have matter in any quantity he desires; he may make just as many worlds, of just such form, size and density, and may place them in whatever relative condition, he finds necessary; and then let him show that attraction will bring some of them to revolve around others. His task is, not to bewilder our minds with such a multitude of worlds, of such various sizes and in such relative positions that we cannot tell where they will go when given up to the power of attraction; but to give us a mathematical demonstration of the course of each world, or at least of one of his worlds, showing that motion in an orbit will be the result.

If this is done, it will then be a fair question of fact, whether the universe that now exists was made and put in motion by an intelligent Creator, or whether it just happened so. But till our problem is solved, we must look upon motion in an orbit as a fact that could not exist, were Atheism true.

REVENUES OF THE UNIVERSITIES.—It appears from statistical illustrations of the principal universities of Great Britain and Ireland, by the Rev. H. L. Jones, M. A., late fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge, compiled from the most authentic private as well as public documents, that in Oxford there are 24 heads of colleges with a revenue of 18,350*l.*; 557 fellows with 116,560*l.*; 393 scholarships with 6030*l.*; 199 college officers with 15,650*l*; 885 benefices and incumbents with 136,500*l.*; college revenues, 152,670*l.*; and receipts of rent for rooms 11,730*l.* The revenues for Cambridge, containing 17 colleges, is for an equal number of heads, 12,650*l.*; 431 fellows whose revenue is 90,330*l.*; 793 scholarships with 13,390*l*; 179 college officers with 17,750*l*; 252 prizes of the value of 1038*l.*; 591 benefices and incumbents with 93,300*l.*; rent of rooms, 15,680*l.*; and college revenues, 133,268*l.* In Dublin, the head of Trinity College receives 2000*l.*; 25 fellows, 25,400*l.*; 70 scholars, 2100*l.*; 10 college officers, 20,000*l.*; 62 benefices and incumbents, 9300*l.*; rent of rooms, 2000*l.*; and college revenues, 31,500*l.*

'LAND SHARKS'

The following anecdote was related by a clergyman of this city, at the meeting in behalf of the Seaman's Home, on Sabbath evening last.

A sailor was shipped by his landlord in the Navy, who, of course pocketed the three months' pay in advance. Through the advice and assistance of his landlord the sailor deserted, was concealed in his house and well plied with liquor, until an opportunity offering, his landlord got him a berth on board a merchant ship, pocketed another month's pay, and again induced him to run away. He afterward persuaded him to ship again, and finally allowed him to go to sea, after receiving and cheating the sailor, as well as others, out of the five months' wages! When the sailor got sober and came to his senses, he saw how egregiously he had been duped, and when he returned, although he met his old landlord on the wharf, he refused to go with him being determined to avoid such a man in future—upon which the landlord proceeded to the Charlestown Navy Yard, informed against the sailor as a deserter, who was apprehended and sent on a cruise beyond the Cape of Good Hope, while the landlord pocketed the reward for apprehending a deserter.—*C. Watchman.*

EARLY RISING.—The difference between rising every morning at six and eight, in the course of forty years, amounts to 29,200 hours, or 3 years, 121 days and 19 hours, which are equal to eight hours a day for exactly ten years. So that rising at six will be the same as if ten years of life (a weighty consideration) were added, wherein we may command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds and the despatch of business.

[From the Christian [Eng.] Teacher]

PRACTICAL RELIGION AMONG MUSSULMANS.

If the same industry which has been exercised to discover the elements of falsehood in different religions, had been employed in ascertaining and recognizing the great and magnificent truths on which many of them are reared,—if instead of seeking subjects for hate and for contention, there had been an equal anxiety to find topics of accordance and of fraternal union, how much misery would have been prevented—how much good would have been accomplished—how much progress would have been made in the paths of charity—which must necessarily lead to the wide field of truth! Who can draw a line of distinction between the fanaticism of a Mussulman, his insulting, scornful fanaticism, and that of the proud and persecuting Christian dealing out his dogmatical damnation? I have been living for some time surrounded by Mahometans, with whom I have journeyed in close and intimate communion for more than twelve hundred miles. I have eaten at their tables—I have slept under their roof—I have shared their enjoyments—I have talked with them on subjects domestic, social, national, moral and religious. My rule has been never to wound their prejudices or to condemn their opinions, but rather to encourage them to speak freely and unreservedly, and to cull from their thoughts and feelings and habits, fit topics for instruction and improvement.

Is there no religion in a generous hospitality? If when tired and overtaken by darkness, you reach the abode of an Arab, and he kills for you on your arrival the fattest of his lambs or kids, roasts it whole, and tears it in pieces before you, offering you the morsel which he deems the most delicious; if he staunch your bread in milk and honey, and selects for you the bits which to his eye appear the most tempting—is not the lesson he gives a religious lesson? Is not the example he teaches a religious example?

If after many a weary league over burning sands, and under a scorching sun, when your tongue is swollen with drought, your eyes inflamed with pain, your limbs sinking with exhaustion, you reach in the desert some Sheikh's tomb raised over a fountain of fresh water, near which is an earthern vessel which enables you to quench your intolerable thirst—will you say that the beneficent man was not a saint, or almost a saint? Will you say that he was not moved by an influence truly religious, whose last instructions were that the savings of his life should be thus charitably and perpetually employed when he had ceased to be?

The forms of religion no doubt are considered of consummate importance among the Moslems; the discussions of the Ulemas often turn upon the most frivolous distinctions in the performance of the most frivolous ceremonial rites; a pilgrimage to Mekka is deemed alike a privilege and a duty. Yet how often have I heard the Arab proverb—'If he have been a *hadgi* (a pilgrim) do not *therefore* trust him; if he have been twice a *hadgi* do not *therefore* trust him.' No! rigid as are the claims of the Mussulman ritual, its observance will not of itself give a man a religious reputation. Its observance will add to a religious reputation, as churchgoing and fasting in Christendom—but something besides is required by all serious-thinking Mussulmans.

If you would see the virtue of resignation in all its power and perfection, come to Egypt. You may watch the naked and the hungry and the houseless, and you will hear every tale of woe ending with 'Allah Kerim!' God is merciful. The poor will talk to you of wretchedness—the suffering of sorrow—you may learn in what a thousand shapes of misery, despotism, disease and death sever or sweep away individuals or families—but no Arab will relate to you the history of his own or other's calamities without interjecting 'but God is merciful.' I have seen the lash laid on the back of the prostrate slave. I have seen the peasant robbed of his all. The silence of submission was only broken by the consoling words 'Allah Kerim!' Not long ago I witnessed a dreadful operation performed on a poor Arab woman. She had walked from the lower part of the Delta to Cairo in order to seek relief. An ossified substance had grown on her upper jaw, to the size of an ostrich egg, widening her mouth and cheek to an hideous size—had driven out several of her teeth, taken from her all powers of speech, and she existed only on the food which could be introduced by a finger into her throat. The operation was fearfully long. She uttered no cry—she neither shrunk, nor trembled, nor fainted. While piece after piece was removed, and with them a portion of her jaw and several of her remaining teeth, she sat motionless as a statue—and it was not even necessary to hold her hands. I watched her countenance with intense interest, and the only change I observed was when she was told that the principal part of the operation was over—the brightness of her eyes gave light to the tears that trembled in them. And her case was only one of a thousand. The religion which taught her patience made that patience heroic.

Can there be any thing inconsistent with a reverence for truth in recognizing the beauties of the Koran? I know not why. Does a truth cease to be a truth because uttered by certain lips? For me I have often participated in the delight with which a devout Mussulman has quoted passages from the book of his faith—and have not thought I compromised my own by sharing his admiration. Take an example.

Truly is Allah good and merciful!
Hast thou not marked the wonders he hath done
In universal nature. Look around!
He flings his shadows to the right and left,
And even the faintest shadows praise his name.'

Again,

'To God there's nought impossible. From Heaven
He sends his waters earthward,—and the streams
Flow in their beds appointed, while the foam
Floats on the surface,—even as the dross
Leaps to the top, when man for ornament
Or household uses, smelts the metal-ore:
So God his truth from error doth divide.

The appropriateness of these pictures, as connected with Arabia, adds greatly to their interest. B.

Cairo, 10th February.

FEMALES IN BURMAH.—They are seldom or never present at cruel sports; are far more industrious than the men, and exercise as great an influence over their husbands as in any other country. This fact is certainly ominous of good to Burmah.

For the Register and Observer.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS FROM THIS TO A BETTER COUNTRY.

(*Continued.*)

Holdfast. Am I to understand you as saying that the *whole* of Christ's righteousness is imputed to the sinner, as the matter of his justification?

Excitable. Yes—the whole; for the sinner is complete in him.

H. Are all the actions and sufferings of Christ, while on earth to be considered as comprising his complete righteousness?

E. Certainly; for if any part were to be set aside, his righteousness would not be perfect.

H. But is it not difficult to understand how the pain, which he suffered by circumcision—the actions of his childhood and youth—his conversation with the Jewish Doctors in the temple—his 'subjection to his parents'—and his working (as he probably did) at the trade of his reputed father, who was a carpenter:—Is it not difficult to understand how these particulars, although viewed in connection with all that he afterwards did and suffered, should constitute a righteousness, which becomes yours by imputation, or the meritorious ground or matter of your justification?

E. I have not, I believe, expressed my views, so guardedly and with that distinctness and discrimination, I ought to have done. I will avail myself, therefore, of the words of the author of that standard, correct, and justly celebrated work, 'The Pilgrim's Progress from this world to that which is to come—part the second.' The manner in which he conveys my ideas, as well as his own in relation to the subject in question, is by way of dialogue between Christiana and Great-Heart, her champion and conductor. It is as follows—

"Now, said Christiana, it comes to my mind what was said to us at the gate; to wit, that we should have pardon by *word* and *deed*. By *word*, that is, by the promise; by *deed*, to wit, in the way it was obtained. What the promise is, of that I know something; but what is it to have pardon by deed, or in the way in which it was obtained? Mr. Great-Heart, I suppose you know, which, if you please, let us hear your discourse thereof.

"*Greatheart.* Pardon by the deed done, is pardon obtained by some one for another, that hath need thereof; not by the person pardoned; but in the way, saith another, in which I have obtained it.—So then, (to speak to the question more at large) the pardon that you have obtained by another, to wit by him that let you in at the gate. And he hath obtained it in this double way:—he hath performed a righteousness to cover you, and spilt his blood to wash you in.

"*Christiana.* But if he imparts his righteousness to us, what will he have for himself?

"*G.* He has more righteousness than you have need of, or than he needeth himself.

"*C.* Pray make that appear.

"*G.* With all my heart. But first I must premise, that he, of whom we are now about to speak, is one that has not his fellow. He has two natures in one person, plain to be distinguished, impossible to be divided. Unto each of these natures a righteousness belongeth, and each righteousness is essential to that nature. So that one may as easily cause the natures to be extinct, as to separate its justice, or righteousness from it. Of *these* righteousnesses, therefore, we are not made partakers, so that they, or any of them, should be put upon us, that we might be made just, and live thereby. Besides these, there is a righteousness, which this person has, as these two natures are joined in one. And this is not the righteousness of the godhead, as distinguished from the manhood; nor the righteousness of the manhood, as distinguished from the godhead; but a righteousness which standeth in the union of both natures, and may properly be called the righteousness which is essential to his being prepared of God to the capacity of the mediatory office, which he was entrusted with. If he parts with his first righteousness, he parts with his godhead; if he parts with his second righteousness, he parts with the purity of his manhood; if he parts with his third, he parts with the perfection which capacitates him to the office of mediation. He has therefore another righteousness, which standeth in performance, or obedience to a revealed will; and that is what he puts upon sinners, and that by which their sins are covered.

"*C.* But are the other righteousnesses of no use to us?

"*G.* Yes: for though they are essentia to his

natures and office, and cannot be communicated to another, yet it is by virtue of them, that the righteousness that justifies, is for that purpose efficacious. The righteousness of his godhead giveth virtue to his obedience; the righteousness of his manhood, giveth capability to his obedience to justify; and the righteousness, that standeth in the union of these two natures to his office, giveth authority to that righeousness to do the work for which it was ordained. So then, here is a righteousness, which, Christ as God, has no need of, for he is God without it; here is a righteousness which Christ, as man, has no need of to make him so; for he is perfect man without it. Again, here is a righteousness that Christ, as God-man, has no need of, with reference to himself, and therefore he can spare it;—a justifying righteousness, that he for himself wanteth not; and therefore giveth it away. This righteousness, since Christ Jesus the Lord hath made himself under the law; must be given away; for the law doth not only bind him that is under it, to do justly, but to use charity. Wherefore he must, or ought by the law, if he hath two coats, to give one to him that has none. Now our Lord indeed hath two coats, one for himself, and one to spare; wherefore he freely bestows one upon those that have none. And thus Christians, doth your pardon come by *deed*, or by by the work of another man your Lord Christ is he that has worked, and given away what he wrought for, to the next poor beggar he meets.

"But again in order to pardon by deed, there is something to be paid to God as the price, as well as something prepared to cover us withal. Sin hath delivered us up to the just course of a righteous law. Now, from this course we must be justified by way of redemption, a price being paid for the harms we have done, and this is by the blood of your Lord, who came and stood in your room and stead, and died your death for your transgressions. Thus has he ransomed you from your transgressions by blood and covered your polluted and deformed soul with righteousness; for the sake of which God passeth by you, and will not hurt you, when he comes to judge the world."

You have now, Sir, my views respecting the righteousness of Christ, and the doctrine of imputation, as the ground of the sinner's justification, and the fundamental doctrine of the atonement. And these comprise the leading doctrines, in which I glory, and on which I confidently rest my hope of acceptance with God, and of my attainment of that better country which I seek.

H. It seems to me, Sir, that your views are not very distinct, or intelligible. To my vision they are not a little confused and distracting. Indeed, I do not understand the general "subject of your story," although told in the words of a man of distinguished talents, whose character I sincerely love and highly respect, and some parts of whose works I read with much satisfaction, and not, I hope without improvement.

E. Not understand! I am sorry to hear you say so, as it seems to be an indication that neither your head nor heart is "right with God." It seems to me that pilgrims, who love the self-denying doctrines of the cross, both understand, and delight and glory in the sentiments above exhibited. The learned and discriminating Mason, Scott, and Burder, clearly understood, and highly approved of them. Hear their remarks. And O! that they may make a salutary impression upon your inward man.

"This is the comfort and glorying of the pilgrim's heart. Hath Jesus performed righteousness to cover us, and spilt his blood to wash us? Have faith in him."

"Here Mr. Bunyan gives a *very clear and distinct* account of that righteousness of Christ, as Mediator, which he wrought out by his perfect obedience to the law of God, for, and in behalf of all believers; and which righteousness is imputed to them by God the Father, through faith; and in this righteousness, believers in Christ are made perfectly righteous before God. Of this righteousness, therefore they glory, and their souls make their boast of it."

With this spotless righteousness, Sir, I feel myself perfectly righteous before my Maker, who now being *reconciled to me*, I love with all my heart, and with all my soul, and with all my mind. Let the "sons of the sorcerers, who make sport of holy raptures and heavenly extacy, begotten in the soul by the knowledge of redemption in the blood of Christ, the forgiveness of our sins laugh on till they howl in destruction for despising salvation by the blood of the Lamb." With such characters, Sir, you must, I fear, be associated, if you do not understand and cordially embrace these blessed and self denying doctrines of the cross.

H. I cannot say, Sir, that I clearly understand them, nor that I cordially embrace them. Indeed, I see not how I can understand what is beyond my ability, or embrace what I cannot understand. But as the things which you have brought into view from the pen of the respectable author of "the Pilgrims Progress," and from the pens of his learned and popular annotators, seem to be very plain and intelligible to your mind, you will greatly oblige me by giving a clear and satisfactory explanation of them. Previously, however, I wish you would remove some difficulties from my mind, with reference to your coming to this cross. You have observed, I think, that, when under conviction, you was directed to flee to the foot of the cross, or to him, who was crucified upon it; and to do this, with all your guilt upon your soul, that you might here be pardoned and received into favor. Have I rightly understood your meaning?

E. You have. Nor can a poor guilty creature flee to the cross, or to Christ in any other way. Do you believe that any one would be accepted, if he were to flee to the Saviour with a patched up righteousness of his own, which is no better than "filthy rags?"

H. No, I do not. But was *your righteousness*, which consisted of nothing but *guilt or sin*, any better?

E. I had no righteousness when I came to this blessed cross, on which I saw my dear Saviour suspended; but he compassionately clothed my naked soul with the spotless robe of his own righteousness.

H. You hastened then to the cross, or to Christ (for you seem to confound them together) with an unholy, impenitent heart, and with affections opposed to all that is spiritually good, or holy. But it seems to me that the existence of an unholy heart, and the exercise of our holy affections, instead of bringing you *to* Christ, would carry you further and further *from* him.

E. If, with a such a heart, and with such affections the sinner is not to flee to Christ, how, I desire to know, is he ever to get to him?

H. With a heart and affections of a *directly contrary character*. Going to Christ—coming to Christ—fleeing to Christ, implies repentance, faith, love, obedience. Or rather these exercises constitute the very act in question. In other words, coming to Christ is the same as faith, according to its true meaning and full extent. Agreeably are the declarations of Christ himself. "He that *cometh* to me shall never hunger; and he that *believeth* on me shall never thirst." As no one can, in the present state of existence, come to Christ in a literal sense, the act of coming must consist in the flowing forth of believing, affectionate, grateful and obedient exercises of heart towards him. Whatever *coming* is not of *this character* is, if I may so speak, none other than *going from* Christ. If, Sir, I have expressed myself with too much freedom, or in too positive a manner, you will have the goodness to excuse me. But regard me not as your enemy, because, with the best intention, I have told you with much freedom, what I verily believe to be the truth.

E. Your remarks, Sir, however plausible, and however satisfactory to yourself, are too indicative of an unhumbled and self-righteous spirit, to meet my view and approbation. You seem to represent pardon and acceptance with God, as the consequence of works, or of something done on the part of the sinner. This view of the subject fosters a spirit of pride, and of self-sufficieney and self-dependence, in opposition to a spirit of humility and dependence upon grace and Christ.

H. A further discussion of this point between us would, I presume, be of no use. I, however, feel constrained to say, that, whatever may be your pretension to humility, or to dependence upon grace and Christ for salvation, you will never obtain forgiveness and eternal life, without exercising "repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ," or "keeping the commandments of God." "Repent" is the Divine command; but *why*? "that your sins may be blotted out." But "except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." The Divine declaration is, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." Let me call your atttention to one more declaration of equal authority;—"circumcision is nothing, and uncircumcision is nothing; but the keeping of the commandments of God." Now, Sir, as you make no pretension to a practical acquaintance, with these things prior to your arrival at the cross,—let me ask—do you think that you was a true pilgrim, or a truly converted man prior to that event?

E. I do not: for until I arrived at the cross, I was not clothed with the righteousness of Christ, my dear and whole Saviour.

H. Do you think that, since your arrival at this place, you have become the subject of that repentance and that faith, which are "unto life?"

E. I have not very clear and distinct evidence that I am the subject of what you may call repentance. But as Christ assured me, and seemingly, at least, with an audible voice, that my sins were forgiven, I cannot doubt that they really are forgiven. Nor can I doubt that I am a subject of saving faith; for I "verily believe that he is *my* Saviour—that he died for me *in particular*, and that I am *interested* in all the benefits of his death." As his righteousness has become mine, "all things are mine, whether present or to come." O, Sir! did you know the joy and peace which I now have in thus believing, you could not question that "Christ, my beloved, is mine, and that I am his."

[*To be Continued.*]

THE DESERT AND GARDEN.

BY THE REV. HOLLIS REED,
Formerly Missionary in India.

Imagine yourself in the interior of India, on one of those boundless plains which characterize the country, called the Deckan. Here the eye stretches in vain for a limit, unless some rising hillock breaks the prospect. Neither fence, nor hedge, nor forest, interrupt the monotony of the scene. Not a tree relieves the eye, except it be near a well, or reservoir of water.

It was in the early part of June. Eight months had already elapsed, since the fall of a single shower of rain. Not a shrub, not a blade of grass, not a relic of former vegetation was to be seen, except where the soil had been artificially irrigated. Here and there a shade tree, or a fruit tree, whose roots penetrate far beneath the surface, can survive the dearth of the hot season. Dreariness and desolation cover the land on every side.

At an early hour we left our resting place, a kind of caravansary. The atmosphere was slightly refreshing, though not cool. But no sooner had the sun appeared above the horizon, than we began to wither beneath the intensity of his rays. It was scarcely nine, when the hot wind, a kind of sirocco, commenced, which, added to the scorching of the heated earth, rendered travelling almost intolerable. We sought a place for shelter.

Casting our eyes to the left, we explored an immense waste plain, which apparently extended to the shore of an interminable ocean. Knowing well that we were in the interior of a great country, and far from sea, lake or river, we recognised, for the first time in this appearance, the *mirage*, or extraordinary optical illusion, formed by the refraction of a vertical sun, from the heated earth. So perfect is the deception, that deer, and other animals, have died from exhaustion while pursuing the retiring phantom.

But from the opposite side, we saw a reality nearer at hand, and scarcely less wonderful. A verdant spot, fresh and blooming. Fragrance in the midst of desolation. A fertile island in the bosom of an ocean of sand. Spring amid the deadness of autumn. Wearied by travel, and almost suffocated with dust and heat, we drew near as to the 'shadow of a great rock in a weary land.'

How cheering amidst such desolation, how refreshing to the pilgrim beneath the rays of a tropical sun, to behold a green field. a cool, fair garden, whose trees bend with fruit, whose flowers diffuse perfume, whose atmosphere breathes the sublimity of a temperate clime. Hasting to this enchanted spot, we pitched our tent beneath the thick foliage and wide-spreading branches of a tamarind tree.

How changed the scene! It was a garden of several acres in extent. Every plant and flower, every shrub and tree, was clad in the richest verdure. Here was a compartment filled with healthful vegetables. Near it was ripening grain, corn in 'the blade, or in the ear;' then a tuft of trees, loaded with blossoms, or enriched with perfected fruit. The tamarind, the mango, and the orange, the lemon and pomegranate, the citron and banana, were here in their glory. Here, also were the rose, the lily, the jessamine, and countless other flowers peculiar to the tropics, and the luxuriant vineyard, maturing its rich clusters. And among the embowering verdure, the warbling songsters found a pleasant retreat from the tyrant rage of an Indian sun.

What a contrast with the surrounding country! What a fulfilment of the sublime promise of the Hebrew prophet; 'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon.'

But what caused this sudden springing forth of beauty? A fountain was there, deep and broad, sending forth copious streams to fructify the surrounding region. Fertility in the east depends much on an artificial supply of water. If this can be freely commanded, vegetation is rapid and abundant. The intense heat, and plentiful moisture, make even barrenness prolific. Seed time and harvest meet. A succession of crops, thrice, or even four times in a year, are realized. Spring, summer, and autumn, blend in one continued harvest hymn of praise.

The garden or field is usually divided into compartments of fifteen or twenty square feet. In the centre is a fountain or well, and near it a small reservoir. From thence, the main watercourse extends in some convenient direction, and smaller channels are led from it, in branches, to every separate compartment. The water is raised by oxen, attached to a long rope, which passes over a windlass, and is made fast to an enormous leathern bucket. When a great quantity is thus thrown into the reservoir, it spontaneously flows into the principal channel, from whence the gardener conducts it at his pleasure. 'The rivers of waters are in his hand; he turneth them whithersoever he will.'

When the stream begins to flow from the reservoir, he stations himself at the channel which conveys it to the first compartment, and removing with his foot a slight mound of earth directs thither as much water as is requisite for its irrigation. Closing that avenue, he proceeds to the second, thence to the third, and thus onward till all have been visited. This is repeated every morning and evening, and it matters little how large the field is, if the fountain contain a sufficient supply. But if the space to be irrigated is out of proportion, or the fountain diminished by draught, vegetation withers, or becomes extinct. The further you recede from the centre, the more blighted does every thing appear. The water is too low, the impetus too feeble, to reach the remoter bounds. This constant and laborious process of cultivation, explains the inspired description of a tropical region; where 'thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it *with thy foot*, as a garden of herbs.'

We know that Lebanon was renowned for its sublime scenery; that its lofty cedars, its plantations of olive, its vineyards, producing the choicest wines, its crystal streams, its fertile vales, and odoriferous shrubberies, combined to form what, in the poetic style of prophecy, is called 'its glory.' Mount Carmel is proverbial, in the sacred volume, for its unfading verdure and surpassing fertility. Sharon, an extensive plain, to the south of Carmel, celebrated for its vines, flowers, and green pastures, and adorned in early spring with the white and red rose, the narcissus, the white and the orange lily, the carnation, and a countless variety of other flowers, with its groves of olive and sycamore, is but another name for 'excellency' and beauty.

But what did the prophet intend to illustrate by these forcible and significant emblems? Doubtless a vision burst upon his mind, no less magnificent than the boundless dispersion of the waters of life, the reclaiming of a desert world, the clothing it with the golden fruits of immortality. Behold, in the heart of the wilderness, a fountain breaks forth. Sterility blossoms, desolation lifts up its head with 'joy and singing.'

Is not our earth as a great moral desert, whence the 'glory and excellency' of Eden have departed? The fruits of righteousness shrank from its forbidden soil. Sin, by its fearful monopoly, sought to cover its whole face with tares. How shall this barren waste be redeemed from its desolation?

The wise landholder of the east, when he would reclaim a barren jungle to fertility, provides a fountain of water, lets out his ground to husbandmen, and makes them accountable for its improvement. Thus hath the Almighty provided in our moral desert, a fountain of the waters of life, fathomless, boundless, inexhaustible. 'O, the *depth* of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God.'

The mandate has gone forth, from his throne, that its waters be conveyed to the utmost regions of the thirsty earth. Is the fountain full? Are the gardeners, his ministering servants, ready to conduct its healing streams to the world's remotest bounds? Is the propelling power, the power of fervent, united, effectual prayer, forcing these living waters through all the fields of death?

Why then does not the wilderness put on her beautiful garments, and break forth in songs of gladness? Why is net the voice of heathen lamentation changed to the cheerfulness of health, and to the hope of glory?

Alas! the reservoir has not been kept full. The irrigation has been partial. Even the adjacent portions have not received their full supply: but to the remoter provinces, only here and there has a feeble streamlet been directed. The propelling force has been inadequate. The waters have sometimes been wasted on their course. They have often failed of their destined end. The gardeners are too few to conduct what the reservoir imparts.

Only here and there a spot regales us with the delights of spring, or the harvests of autumn. Only a few bring forth the 'fruits of the spirit.' A vast proportion of the desert is still unreclaimed. Especially are its most remote bounds, left unvisited by the life-giving streams. Neither fertilized, nor irrigated, they vegetate not, they blossom not: and yet the fountain is ever full, and the voice of God invites the utmost ends of the earth to drink of its living waters, and thirst no more.—*Religious Souvenir.*

HEAVEN.—The Chinese Heaven is a place of ceaseless eating, drinking and smoking. The heaven of the Burmans is a place of endless sleep. The Chinese idols are excessively corpulent; often sitting on fat stags; sometimes in the act of slaughtering them; the Burman idols are either sitting with arms folded, or reclining upon pillows, as in the act of sleeping.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

SUNDAY SCHOOL MEETING.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Sunday School Society, on Sunday evening last, at the Tremont Hall, was one of a most interesting and instructive character. On account of the many other meetings, the attendance was not so full as on some other occasions, but we remember no instance when there has been a more full and free expression of opinion on important subjects than at this meeting. Rev. J. T. Sargent opened the meeting with a devout and appropriate prayer. The Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Mr Muzzey, then read two Reports, one from the Brattle Street School, and the other from the School in Suffolk street, formerly the Northampton street School—the Rev. Mr Sargent's. The former report gave an account of some improvements which had been introduced into the Brattle Street School, in relation to its devotional exercises, the object of which was to obtain more engagedness on the part of the pupils in this important exercise, and which they believed had effected the object. It referred also to the use of manuals, which they considered indispensable; and to a new mode of conducting teachers' meetings, the delivery of a sermon by the Pastor to the teachers on some appropriate topic, and which afterwards was made the subject of free conversation.—The other Report gave an account of this recently established school, an offset of the Ministry at Large, its progress, its importance, and its discouragements. Situated at the extreme southerly part of the city, it is cut off from that assistance and sympathy which are so necessary to the success of a Sunday School; and it contained a strong appeal that the friends of Sunday schools should 'come over to Macedonia' and give them a helping hand.

After the reading of the Reports, the meeting was successively addressed, by Rev. Mr Barnard, Mr E. Cobb, W. Kent Esq. of Concord, N. H.; Mr I. Bangs of Cambridgeport, Rev. J. T. Sargent, P. Mackintosh Esq. Mr L. G. Pray, Mr Mellen, Mr W. A. Weeks, Dr J. T. Flagg, and Rev. F. T. Gray.

It would be impossible, in the compass allowed us, to do anything like justice to these several addresses. All we can do is to allude briefly to the topics of each, and to remark that they were wholly extemporaneous, and animated in their manner, and redolent of true Christian feeling and principle.

Mr Barnard gave an account of a recent visit which he had made to three schools on the Connecticut River, and at which he had been present at their closing or anniversary meetings of the Season. These were at Warwick, Northfield and Bernardston. The description of each of these schools, especially the last, was such as to encourage the heart of those engaged in the cause of Sunday Schools, and of all, in the future prosperity and stability of our Republican Institutions. He encouraged a Missionary spirit among Sunday School teachers, in visiting distant schools, as a great means of strengthening the hands, and encouraging the hearts of those who were engaged in this good work.

Mr Cobb related an incident in connection with the Bernardston and the Howard Schools, of the latter of which he is Superintendent, that was quite interesting. Two years ago perhaps, the Superintendent of the Bernardston school, Mr Cushman, then a Representative in our Legislature visited the Howard School, took a class for a few Sabbaths, after which he returned home, and the circumstance had been well nigh forgotten, until a month or two since the Howard school received a beautiful present in the form of an Album from the children of that school, full of wild flowers, and dried leaves, neatly pressed, each accompanied with the name of the child, its age, and a motto either original or selected from the Bible, one of which he repeated:

> '*You* have *green-house plants*, I hear,
> Of rare and splendid tints;
> And though I've no such gifts to send,
> Yet, anxious still to be your friend,
> These *wild-flowers* from my Father's grove,
> I send with *messages* of love.'

He stated that the effect of this was delightful upon the school, and the Album had since been used in the classes, as an exercise for the children, not a little to their gratification and improvement.

Mr Kent gave a brief account of the school in Concord, the interest which the children felt in their attendance upon it; some walking four or five miles, without the omission of a single Sabbath, that they might be present to receive its instructions. He made an eloquent appeal to Parents on their duties in connection with the Sunday School; and closed with relating some of his experiences, in a Sunday School, in the Prison of that place, in which he had been engaged as a Teacher.

Mr Bangs gave an account of a visit which he had made to the School in Warwick, and confirmed the advantages referred to by another speaker, of reciprocating visits; of the effects produced by the voice of a stranger upon pupils and teachers, even when as feeble as his own; and confirmed his remarks by the statement of some facts, which had fallen under his own knowledge.

Mr Mackintosh made some remarks on the difficulty of engaging children in the devotional exercises of the School; and asked for light on that subject, which he believed to be of the highest importance.

Mr Pray related a circumstance that occurred in the school with which he is connected, confirming the remarks which had been made by the previous speakers, and the advantages of reciprocal labors. He enlarged upon the necessity of sympathy in the work in which they were engaged; and upon the means of encouraging a devotional spirit in pupils of the Sunday School, a topic which had been referred to in the Reports, and by the previous speaker.

Mr Sargent stated the wants of his School, in Suffolk street, more at large than in the Report which had been read, and hoped the Missionary spirit among the Superintendents of our Sunday Schools, would be extended so far, as to tend to mutual exchanges like those made by ministers, that his School at least might derive the advantage of their experience and sympathy.

Dr Flagg, from the chair, then addressed the meeting, on the topics which had been brought up for their consideration. He dwelt upon the cheering effect of such a meeting, approved of a greater inter-communication with the Schools out of the city, and with one another, and stated some of the means which he had formerly used as a Superintendent to engage children in its devotional exercises, and which had been successful.

Mr Weeks following up the remarks of Mr Sargent, spoke a good word in favor of the Suffolk street Sunday School, and Mr Mellen of Catlin's Exhibition, which had been visited by many children.

Mr Gray who came in late, brought the meeting to a close with some exceedingly impressive and touching remarks. His topic was the rewards of the faithful teacher; and in this connection alluded to the recent death of two of those who had long been connected with the Society, (Miss Loring and Miss Howard) whose beautiful characters and sweetly closing scenes as the effect of their Sunday School labors, were the best rewards which earth could give. He dwelt much and feelingly on this point, and left an impression which will not soon be forgotten.

The Doxology, was then sung, and the teachers separated.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

DISCLAIMER OF THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY.

An official account of the late *Peace* Convention in this City is now before the public, and as the cause of peace has been by some held responsible for its proceedings, we deem it our duty, as the constituted organs of the American Peace Society to correct an impression so erroneous.

Our Society, though requested to call the Convention, positively declined doing so; and has had as a Society nothing to do with it, excepting to receive an invitation for its members to attend. Few of these however did attend, and most of those who did, either withdrew, or opposed the course pursued, and voted against the leading resolves, nor are we aware that more than one or two of our number have joined the '*New England Non-resistance Society*.

Our whole course has been a virtual protest in advance against the principles of this new organization, as entirely foreign to the cause of peace; and in making our present disclaimer, we cannot use stronger language than that of our own publications for years, as will appear by a slight comparison of our principles and objects.

1. *Principles.* They 'deny to man the right to hold dominion over man,' and assert that 'no man or body of men have a right to take the life of man as a penalty for transgression' that 'Christianity does not invest man with *any* penal power over his brother,' and that no Christian 'can consistently sue a man at law, or acknowledge allegiance to *any human government*' or do aught that shall recognise any species of human government, civil, ecclesiastical or domestic, as authorized by God. Such views *our* Society has repeatedly disclaimed, as entirely foreign to the cause of peace, in the common and only proper sense of the term.

2. *Objects.* The Convention declare their objects to be 'the work of peaceful *universal reformation*,' and avow their purpose 'to apply their principles to *all* existing, *civil, political, legal* and *ecclesiastical* institutions.

Nothing could be further than this from our aims. We recognise the existence and powers of civil governments as 'ordained of God,' and seek merely to regulate their intercourse on Christian principles, without a resort to the sword. We said, years ago, that 'our cause contemplates only the intercourse of nations, and does not involve the question concerning the right of a government to punish its own subjects with death, or to put down mobs and insurrections by the sword.' The same sentiments we have often repeated, and have said in our reports and tracts, that 'the cause of peace is concerned only with the *intercourse of governments*,' that our *sole* object is the *peace of nations*; and we hold ourselves *responsible* for nothing beyond this single purpose. Our Constitution restricts us to this province; for after avowing as its object the promotion of 'universal and permanent peace,' it expressly provides that the *object* of this Society shall '*never be changed*.' We cannot therefore seek any other object than the 'peace of nations' without annihilating our present organization.

We do not think it incumbent on the Peace Society to oppose this, or any other effort at 'universal reformation,' but we feel bound to protest against including the doctrines and aims of the late Convention under the sacred name of peace. We cannot recognise an association for such purposes as a *peace* society. It would be a strange abuse of terms; and we are glad to find the new organization called, not a *Peace* Society, but a *Non-resistance Society*, for the avowed purpose of distinguishing it from the cause of peace as commonly understood. It is quite another enterprise, entirely distinct from what *we* have ever taken the cause of peace to be; and these extraneous notions are at length embodied in a form which must, we think, compel the public to discriminate between them and our cause, and we trust that the friends of peace through the community will now rally in its support with new energy, zeal and success.

In behalf of the American Peace Society.

J. P. BLANCHARD,
HENRY WARE, JUN.
AMASA WALKER,
GEORGE C. BECKWITH,
JOHN OWEN,
LEWIS T. STODDARD,
JAMES K. WHIPPLE,
EDWARD NOYES,
} *Executive Committee.*

Boston, October 9th, 1838.

Rev. Edward Malcom one of the Committee is absent, but his views we have good reason to believe accord with those expressed above.

P. S. All papers that have noticed the late Convention, and others friendly to the cause of peace, are respectfully requested to insert the above.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Oct. 14th 1838. The nature and necessity of spiritual communion—of intellectual sympathy, formed the subject of an eloquent discourse to which I listened this afternoon. Are mankind aware how much the happiness of an individual, depends upon the free interchange of thought, which takes place between himself and his friends;—are *parents* sensible how much confidence and gentleness, should mark their intercourse with the *young*—how much their *children* need forbearance and indulgence in this respect?

I think not. Many instances have come under my own observation, where the whole character of a child, has been influenced by a sudden check, which the tide of serious emotion, or religious enthusiasm has received. A cold repulse, given at the moment, when the youthful bosom,—full even to bursting of thought, new, strange, and over-powering,—seeks another with whom to share its burden, freezes the life-blood in the veins, or sends it back to the heart like molten lead. Agonizing indeed, is the sense of loneliness and neglect, which overwhelms one at such a moment. What we most deeply feel, it is ever difficult to speak of, and when the sympathy of parent, or sister, has been once sought, and *sought in vain*, it has been sought for the first and last time!

'I am weary of my life!' was the exclamation of a pale and fair-headed girl, who with every advantage which wealth and high station could command, was miserable and lonely from the cradle to the grave. With an intense admiration of the beautiful in Nature,—of the natural in Art—she possessed a heart overflowing with love for God and man. A mind highly cultivated, and of superior power, but exquisitely sensitive to anything like ridicule. Yet, she was wretched! What checked the smile upon her lip, the sentiment that died unuttered—what stilled the very pulsations of her heart, as she turned from the gorgeous dies of the evening sky, to a group of thoughtless companions—what? but the consciousness that the indulgence of such emotion, rendered her contemptible in their sight, that, had she asked for the bread of sympathy, she would have received a stone?

I have seen her gaze upon the sapphire vault of Heaven, or the rosy hues of dawning day—upon the crimson light of the setting sun, or the pale moonbeam glaring on the deep—till her soft blue eye was filled with tears, and her lip moved as if in prayer, but none shared her ecstasy of admiration, none listened when she spoke of Heaven—no one knelt with her, to thank the Creator of all things, for the pure enjoyments, which He has granted to the *least* of His creatures, no one encouraged her, in her lovely and innocent employments, and her heart, like the Night-blooming Ceres, folded itself up, and shrank from the warm sunshine.

Forced to conceal those high and holy feelings, which would have poured themselves forth, in a current, full, free and animating, she began to consider herself an anomaly in creation, and wondered, why that Being, whom she instinctively loved and revered, had endowed *her alone*, with that superior delicacy of conformation, only, as it seemed, to increase her suffering. She saw that the mass of mankind in the hurry of business, or pursuit of pleasure, forgot, or feigned to forget, every thing connected with that eternal destiny, which sleeping or waking, formed the sole object of *her* thoughts, and that the daily intercourse of mind with mind, was confined to topics of no enduring interest, and asked herself in sadness if she was the only one amid the crowd, who possessed an immortal soul! I defy any one, to bring forward a single instance, in which a man possessing a quick sense of the beautiful, a fervent love of nature, has been found guilty of any crime. It cannot be!—such a sense, such love belongs only to the innocent and guileless heart; and as one of God's richest gifts to man, it should be cherished and protected. Children, in the perusal of the sacred Scriptures, find paragraphs apparently contradictory or inconsistent—their minds are bewildered, and if they apply to others, for assistance, they are laughed at, for their ignorance, or put off till a more *convenient* season!

Parents! remember how great is your responsibility—to-morrow is not your own—think how little you know of each others minds, how seldom words of serious or sacred import drop from your lips—and improve the present opportunity, perhaps it is *your* last! The older man grows the less he needs the sympathies of others, and you cannot judge of your children by yourself. The trials and struggles of infancy, seem light afflictions to you, for you are no longer children. You have passed through the fiery furnace, and with the experience and fortitude of maturity, it is not wonderful, that you should forget that youth has as little *strength of mind* as of body;—it is the baby who bears the baby's burden, and not the man. It is while the sapling is young and tender that it needs the greatest care. If the Gardener neglect its welfare—if it struggle into existence, in the midst of weeds, and undergrowth, debarred the light of day, and denied a friendly support, then does it wither and die. C.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 20, 1838.

If our Readers have found cause to complain of us for not always fully chiming with the prevailing tone of censure, that has from time to time sounded through the community against one and another individual, who, on account of his opinions may have exposed himself to reproach, we respectfully request their forgiveness and forbearance.

The truth is, we are constitutionally prone to sympathize, perhaps too strongly, with good men who are subjected to the hard discipline of popular reproof. We are always afraid lest, when the lash of general odium is applied to such individuals, they will be punished more than they deserve. We magnify, perhaps, the danger that public opinion will be a tyrant and oppressor to its victims. We fear lest a good many persons will join in the hue and cry and the stoning, who have no right so to do, but for very shame should hold their peace, and do penance in secret before God for their own unworthiness. Therefore, when we are drawn to speak concerning a man whose faults are the fashionable quarry, whether they are real faults or not, we cannot help (we feel an instinctive delight in it,) showing up his virtues, letting the world see that he is not all deformed; and even it may be, representing him better than he really is. We have sad, sad memories of inquisitors, and bigots, and clamorous crowds, and stakes and crosses, that have haunted us even from our childhood; and we are therefore a little nervous when ever the voice of the people is waxing loud against any unfortunate man, or ecclesiastical censure is becoming frequent and severe.

It is our weakness, we confess it. But we must beg our readers to pity and to bear with it for a little while. We find that it is almost an *intolerable* fault in the Editor of a paper devoted to Christian Liberality; and therefore, and for other reasons, do not intend to impose ourself upon the Readers of the Register much longer.

The Dying Girl's Farewell, &c. next week.

BOSTON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

This work has now been in existence for a year. We have read a majority of the Articles contained in the four numbers, a very large proportion of which have been from the pen of the Editor. In point of literary execution, originality and spirit, it must be allowed, we think, by unprejudiced readers, that the Boston Quarterly Review is not surpassed, if it be equalled, by any periodical in the country.

Although we cannot always agree with the opinions and sentiments that are advanced by the Editor; nor feel the force and justice of many of his strictures upon existing institutions; nor sometimes clearly see the practicability or reasonableness of his schemes of reform, yet we regard his work as the best organ of certain great principles and sentiments, which have been and are too much neglected,—but the day of whose glory is to come.

Freedom is yet in its infancy; even now in the cradle struggling with the serpents; but it is interlocked in the arms of Christianity, and fostered by Education as a nursing mother, and by and by, as the full grown Hercules, will roam through the world and rid it of its monsters. A far more perfect state of society than the present, is doubtless to be laboured for and predicted, as well as to be desired; but, at the same time, ought to be patiently waited for. The powers that be, and the institutions that time has hallowed in the regard of men, are not to be harshly invaded, nor suddenly demolished, nor those individuals who are wedded to them abused or ridiculed, because better principles and worthier institutions are seen in the future to be in store for man.

We have esteemed the Editor of the Review as faulty in this regard. We have not always been pleased with the tone in which he has spoken of the existing establishments of Society and the Church, and of those who are connected with them; nor given him credit for wisdom, justice and liberality, so much as for ingenuity, earnestness and vigor of intellect.

We have now—for we consider the Boston Quarterly as fairly established—our Conservative and our Radical Reviews. We are glad to hear from both parties. No one ought to regret that the sentiments of both can find free and decent expression.

ORDINATION.

Mr. W. V. Thacher, was ordained as an Evangelist, at the Federal street church on Sunday evening, Oct, 14.

The following was the order of Services. Introductory Prayer and Selections from Scripture, by Rev. Henry Ware Jr. Sermon by Rev. C. W. Upham of Salem. Ordaining Prayer by Rev. E S. Gannett. Charge by Rev. F. Parkman DD. Right Hand of Followship by Rev. Chandler Robbins. Concluding Prayer by Rev. George Ripley.

Mr. Thacher intends to spend the winter at Savannah in Georgia. It is a rather singular fact, as was mentioned by Dr. Parkman in his appropriate and beautiful Charge, that Mr. Thacher's esteemed and venerable grandfather, whose name is honored amongst the clergy of New England, ended his life of usefulness in the same Southern city.

COMBE'S LECTURES.

This eminent Phrenologist is now delivering a course of Lectures in the Masonic Temple. He has an earnest and interesting manner, and reasons clearly. Those who are interested in the subject of which he treats are enjoying a rich repast; and even those who have no particular fondness for phrenology, may derive much highly important information from his Lectures.

We perceive by a Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Brown University, that the number of Students now at that Institution is 188, viz: Seniors 39, Juniors '56, Sophomores 45, Freshmen 43.

OREGON MISSION.

Some of our Readers will remember that, several years ago, the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church sent a mission family to the Flathead Indians, west of the Rocky Mountains, under the superintendence of Rev. Jason Lee. We learn from the N. Y. Commercial, that since that period, several additions have been made to the mission, by persons who have gone out, via the Sandwich Islands. The seat of this interesting mission is so distant, that intelligence of its proceedings is but seldom received, but every thing thus far has been of the most favorable character. We have now the pleasure of informing the numerous friends of the Oregon mission, that the Rev. Jason Lee, the superintendant, with five Indian boys, reached Alton, Ill., on the 19th of Sept., on their way to New York.

RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR.

This beautiful Annual for 1839, edited by the accomplished Mrs L. H. Sigourney is received and for sale at the Bookstore of Weeks, Jordan & Co.

We have transferred one article from its pages to our columns. It is well worthy of perusal. The volume is handsomely printed and bound, and contains several neat engravings.

It is a highly appropriate gift for Christmas or New Years.

There are eight colleges and between twenty and thirty seminaries, under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church, within the bounds of the United States, besides schools established in their missionary stations, both in this country and in foreign lands.

We have received an excellent Discourse delivered in Duxbury, August 31st, 1838, on occasion of the burial of Samuel Alden Frazer Esq. by Rev. Josiah Moore, and published by request. We make a brief extract, which is all for which we have space. The deceased was much respected and beloved by a large circle of friends.

The life of our departed friend has been a running commentary upon human duty; he has filled the sphere in which he was appointed to act; he has finished the work given him to do;—a sphere the most important, if not the most extensive;—a work, the most arduous, if not the most honored. It may be easy to ascend the summit of fame in the estimation of the world, when but one class of virtues or faculties is called into exercise, and these stimulated by an undeviating motive; but difficult to attain the same eminence, when the straight and narrow way is serrated, as it were, with episodes, which are constantly calling the thoughts to some collateral duty. It may be easy to accomplish a few distinguished deeds, to gain the applause of the world, but difficult to pass through life, discharging all its humble offices with constancy and fidelity.

The same is true of character as of conduct. Of this we form an imperfect and unjust estimate. We reverence, too exclusively, mere intellectual power;—but the intellectual faculties constitute but half a man,—and, although he may gain applause by their exclusive developement, he deserves not the name of greatness so richly as he who called out all the noble capacities of the soul in their just relative proportion. God gives us the materials, out of which we are, as it were, to recreate ourselves in the formation of our characters, and he perverts their use and builds to folly, who narrows the foundation that he may add to the height;—we stand most firmly, and endure the longest, when we observe just proportions. Like the founders of Babel, most imagine that heaven is only in the zenith; but it is as broad as the illimitable horizon.

Though no signal deeds render remarkable the life of the subject of this notice, he has lived to the best of purposes. Knowing that his time and his talents were committed to him as a trust, by him whose eye he felt to be ever upon him, it was his purpose and his endeavor to use them as not abusing them and occasion never offered when he could not find something to do, of use to himself or to his fellowmen. He has lived beyond the assigned term of human existence; yet few would look back upon the past with less regret, or onward to the future with more to hope. Possessed of great bodily soundness, fostered by habits of early rising, and regular and temperate living, he has been sustained through a long period of industry and enterprise, the records of which he found, where all like him will ever seek them in the consciousness that his physical powers were devoted to the uses for whi h God designed them. He has not outlived their prostration. A life of inactivity would have been to him a life of pain. The angel came when the work was finished, and we trust has borne him to his reward onhigh.

OBITUARY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

MISS SARAH J. HOWARD.

Died in this city, Miss Sarah J. Howard, daughter of Jonathan Howard Esq. aged 26.

The departure of this bright and beautiful spirit, and its cheering character to the christian heart, should not be confined, as it seems to us, to her own circle of immediate friends, however extended, or to the large company of Sunday school teachers, of whose number she was so important a link. It should be given to the world, that they may meditate upon it, love and copy it. The person of Miss Howard was singularly striking and beautiful. Her frame was slight and delicate; and when the eye of a stranger fell upon it, the word 'how celestial' was the first upon the lip, and the spontaneous effusion of the heart. The spirit within seemed too etherial for the body in which it was placed, and as it was ready, so it seemed as if it must soon escape. And that which was true of the appearance was still more so of the reality. If the setting was fragile and delicate, the diamond within was of the purest kind. Her childhood was one of obedience to parents, of kindness to brothers and sisters, and of constant accessions to her intellectual and moral excellence. When she had arrived at maturity, her thoughts were turned to the practical. She desired to know her whole duty as a christian and to live in obedience to the commands of the Savior whom she deeply loved, and openly acknowledged at the early age of twenty. Her convictions were that the Christian must not only *be* good, but *do* good. She looked around therefore, for a sphere of action in which she could be most usefully employed; and she found it in the Sunday school, in the visits to which this connexion led her, and to other similar associations which have for their object the moral and religious improvement of the more neglected class of our population. She connected herself with the Howard Sunday School, where she was a teacher for seven years; with the Sewing School in Pitts Street Chapel; and other Benevolent Associations in this relation; and into these she carried an energy, a fidelity and perseverance which could not have been anticipated from the feebleness of her constitution, and the delicacy of her frame. The influence which she exerted in this sphere, over her Sunday school class, over the poor whose hovels she loved to visit, and to whom she often carried consolation or relief, and over her fellow teachers and companions, was immeasurably great. The secret of this influence was her faith, her deep piety, her Christian love, which was so manifest in all her words and actions, that the sceptical bowed down before it, the careless and indifferent felt and owned its power, while the afflicted and distressed found in it a sure refuge, and a certain relief.

We have been permitted the use of a sermon which was preached the Sabbath afternoon after her death at the Pitts Street Chapel, by its minister, the Rev. F. T. Gray, a few extracts from which will convey a better idea of her character, and the loss which has been sustained by the community, than words of our own.

'Here was the field she selected for her labors; because here she could have a greater opportunity of doing good among those who would be glad to receive her ready sympathies, her kind advice, her affectionate offers of aid and counsel. Ah! I feel that I need not tell you of the silent and unostentations manner—the lovely spirit, in which she went to the sorrowing and friendless, the forsaken ones and the tempted. For, I address many, who, when I have gone with her, as her foot touched your door step, I have seen that answering smile, which always beamed upon her own countenance, that assured me I was to be introduced by a welcome messenger—a much loved friend!

And who of you, my friends, that have seen the deep interest—the modest earnestness, which she ever discovered, as she sat by your side, while the words of a sister seemed to fall from her lips, as she spake so affectionately respecting your children, and your own situation and wants, could fail to perceive, whence that holy affection, that true sincerity, that untiring perseverance had its origin? And who of you, while she exhibited that frankness and ingenuousness, for which she was so remarkable, did not see and feel that if her advice and counsel were against your wishes and inclination, still that it had its origin in the truest regard for your welfare, which only drew her nearer to you by the stronger cords of love, and made you feel the truth of the wise man's words, 'that as ointment and perfume rejoice the heart, so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by his hearty counsel.' It was true piety in the soul that produced this—true love for your children. 'Twas because religion had taken up her abode with her, and she would that those young immortal beings should know and enjoy the peace it imparts.

In addressing the teachers of the Howard school it goes on to say, 'I need not remind you of her punctuality at the school, the confidence she inspired in her pupils, the frank and free manner in which they unburthened themselves to her upon all subjects; of her fidelity in visiting her pupils, or her cheerful readiness at all times to do any thing that would promote the interest of the school. Neither need I remind you of her activity at the Sewing School, or her fidelity there, for you have felt all this in the loss of her valuable services since her health obliged her to resign her benevolent labors some months ago. And yet with all, so frugal was she of her time, so methodical in all her arrangements and so true to all her duties, that none was neglected elsewhere. Indeed it was a constant remark with her 'that she should not do it if it interfered with duties at home. No summers heat, no winters cold could keep her from her holy employment at the Sunday school. She felt its importance. The office she filled she knew was a high and solemn one, and with true love to the Savior, and the work for which he gave his life; with love also to those whom he when on earth took in his arms and blessed, she went calmly and silently Sabbath after Sabbath to its performance. And in my last interview with her but one, she remarked 'that she looked back upon the hours spent in this chapel with true delight, and sweet pleasure, and though her friends had often thought she did too much, yet now she had a rich reward in looking back upon her labor and toil, in that peace and comfort they imparted to her.'

Few things are more prized by the minister of Christ, than when he is permitted to behold the power of *Faith* and the glorious peace and happiness which the Christian believer enjoys at the close of life. Especially have I cause of gratitude for the last three interviews I was permitted to enjoy with her. Well could I then realize the truth of those words,

The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is priviledged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life;—quite in the verge of heaven.

In a conversation with me about a week before her death, she remarked 'I thought last night I should not live till morning and I was very desirous of seeing you once more. I am spared, but I feel this is my last sickness—that I shall not rise from this bed again. Still I feel that peace which the religion of Jesus alone can give.' When alluding to the hope the Christian is permitted to enjoy in meeting the Savior, it was then, and the only time during her sickness, that I ever saw her lips quiver or her eye suffused with tears, when she said 'Yes it is a cheering thought to me,—while the world can give me nothing, and I have little to hope for here, the religion of Jesus is indeed comforting,—how great it is!' She then alluded, as she did several times, to the 'kindness of her Heavenly Father in having spared her from great suffering and pain during her illness.'

In my next visit, her first words to me were 'you know not how happy I am.' 'God is still sparing me from great suffering and pain.' When we had united in prayer, she desired me to read (as my voice was familiar to her) her two favorite hymns 'I would not live alway'—and 'Vital spark of heavenly flame.'

In my last visit the night privious to her death, when she was hardly expected to live from one hour to another—the same peace and happiness were enjoyed by her. And the same Father, the same Savior, the same blessed religion sustained and cheered her. And often when she was supported in her bed by her sisters during her seasons of suffering, 'twas then she desired them to repeat her sweet hymns, and when they would forget the words or hesitate, she would in a voice not above a whisper, recall them to their memory. These were her last hours; and it was thus her departing spirit winged its flight, while

'Heaven and earth combined to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies.'

These few extracts give but a feeble outline of a character that was so lovely and useful in life, and so peaceful and calm in the hour of death. She had selected with great care a book for each of her pupils accompanied by a letter containing her last, her farewell advice to them. The allusion to this at the close of the sermon, and the advice that was given to them on this occasion by their Pastor, must have been very affecting and instructive to the crowded auditory who were present at its delivery. 'The memory of the just' is indeed 'blessed'

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

LINES ON THE INTERMENT OF MRS. S. KINNICUTT,—THE FIRST BURIAL IN THE WORCESTER RURAL CEMETERY —October, 1838.

From an o'erarching sky
Of Nature's purest dye,
October's sun a mellow radiance flung;
Steeping in yellow light
The grove, the dell, the height,
He o'er the earth in cloudless glory hung.

Hushing its billows' play
Calmly the small lake lay,
A polished mirror to the swelling shore;
The pure, transparent wave
A perfect image gave
Of the fair forms the verdant margin bore.

And in that living light
Each wooded, graceful height
Sprang sharp-defined against the arch of blue,
While a soft, purple haze
From eager, searching gaze
Veiled the green base in robe of lovely hue.

In autumn pride arrayed,
The ancient woods displayed
The varied tints of every flashing gem;
The old oaks wore their crown
Of crimson leaves that shone
Like rubies in a monarch's diadem.

The yellow elm's proud form
And scarlet maple warm,
In that clear air with dazzling lustre burned;
And on the pine's dark green
A brighter tinge was seen,
As to the sun its slender leaves are turned.

Deep shade and sunshine gay
In closest union lay
On consecrated dell and copse and slope;
Speaking in accents clear
To faith's attentive ear
Of death's dark night illumed by Christian hope.

Behold a chosen band
Upon that smooth turf stand,
Clustering beneath the tall trees' pleasant shade:
Why from the haunts of care
Turn they their footsteps *there*,
And Nature's sacred loneliness invade?

Come they to bask awhile
Beneath the glad sun's smile,
To sport and revel mid that brilliant scene;
To call with jocund shout
The merry echoes out
From their fair homes in every alley green?

By the pale lip compressed,
The quickly heaving breast,
The solemn step and dimmed and downcast eye,
For no short hour of mirth
Those children of the earth
Assemble thus beneath the glorious sky.

To that still grove they bring
The first pure offering
Which death hath summoned there from halls of ease;
And give to earth's embrace
The fairest of their race,
Beneath the solemn shadow of those trees.

Lovely as the pale flower
That in Spring's tender hour,
Doth first unfold its fragrance to the air;
Soft as the young moon's beams
When her shy crescent gleams
In western sky low hung, on evening fair;

Gentle as summer breeze
That, stealing through the trees,
Shall make sad music on her grassy bed;
And pure as winter snows
That soon on her repose
Shall lightly fall, was she, their early dead.

And sweet shall be thy rest
Upon earth's verdant breast,
Thou lonely sleepe on the calm hill's side?
Holy as fair, no gloom
Hangs heavy o'er thy tomb,
With thy pure memory to be allied!

Thy form of beauty rare
To dust may moulder there,
Unseen by mortal eye beneath that sod;
Thy spirit chaste and meek
The blest abodes shall seek
Wherein the pure in heart behold their God.

Yes! aching hearts confess
Thy ripened loveliness
To fill a seraph's station well might rise;
Thy mission here was done,
And therefore has thy sun
Gone down at noon, to mount to brighter skies.

Not long shalt thou remain
Within that green domain
Alone, thy Savior's summons thence to bide;
A city of the dead
Soon o'er those heights shall spread
And silent tenants fill its chambers wide.

But through the concave vast
When peals the awful blast
That wakes each sleeper there from dreamless rest,
No purer soul than thine
Death's vestments shall resign,
And wing its upward flight to regions blest.

Worcester, Oct'r 7th, 1838.

INTELLIGENCE.

The Nashua Rail Road is completed from Lowell to the Nashua river, and an engine and cars have occasionally run over it for several days past. It is to be regularly opened for public travel on Monday next, and a train of cars will meet each train of the Boston and Lowell road. The ceremony of the formal opening of the road is deferred until the completion of the road across the Nashua river.—*Doi Adv.*

The License Law in Rhode Island.—The Supreme Court of Rhode Island has decided after long argument from the most eminent Counsel in the State, in favor of the License Laws, in a case which was brought before it for that purpose. An appeal has been made to the Supreme Court of the United States.

The Ohio, ship of the line, sailed on Tuesday morning for New York, to take on board her armament, and will proceed thence to the Mediterranean and take her place as flag ship of the U. States squadron on that station.

Trial of Rathbun.—The trial of Rathbun for forgery, at Batavia, in New York, after continuing a number of days, has terminated in a verdict of guilty. His counsel made exceptions to the direction of the Judge, and moved postponement of sentence until the decision of the Supreme Court could be had, but the motion was over-ruled, and the prisoner was sentenced to five years hard labor in the States Prison at Auburn.

Commerce of New Orleans.—Levy's New Orleans Price Current contains a statement of the quantities of the different kinds of produce received at that market from the interior, during the past year. The whole is estimated to exceed in value $75,000,000. Among the principal articles are, 750,000 bales cotton, 40,000 hogsheads tobacco, 310,000 barrels flour, 40,000 hhds. sugar, 40,000 hhds. molasses, 150,000 barrels porks, 12,000 hhds. bacon, 250,000 kegs of lard, 310,000 pigs of lead, &c.

A plan is now on foot in New York, to purchase a vessel and present her to a company of colored men, who are to navigate her and use her as a packet between Western Africa and the United States. These owners are to make compensation for their ship, by transporting emigrants from this country to Liberia. The scheme is recommended warmly.

Lord Durham has issued a Proclamation announcing officially his resignation of the Government of Canada. His Lordship and family are expected in New York about the 20th inst. via Lake Champlain. The Malabar 74 was to sail from Quebec about the 16th for New York, to receive His Excellency and convey him to England.

Sir John Colborne is to assume the administration of the government, and to reside at Montreal.

Hampden Sidney College—The Norfolk Beacon gives the following description of the condition of this institution.

Its course of studies will be large and liberal. The President, our late townsman, William Maxwell, Esq. will deliver lectures to a law class, and Professor Smith, our townsman also, will teach a private class of Civil Engineering, a profession by the way, which will enable a young man to make more money in a shorter time than any other. Professor Branch will teach a private class of Modern Languages, and Professor Draper will deliver lectures on Medical Chemistry. The studies of the regular course are judiciously arranged, and embrace all the elementary departments of scholastic education.

It is over twenty years since the writer of this article first saw Hampden Sidney College, and it then seemed embedded in a forest. There was a three story building called the College proper, and a miserable barn of a hall, in which divine service and the public celebrations were held. And this was in the palmy days of Smith and Hoge. But all this is changed.—The forest is gone—the hall is gone, and the pride of that day, the college proper, is gone, and elegant and commodious structures have arisen, as it by enchantment.

Several college edifices superior to those of Yale have been erected, and a Chapel is now there, which is really an ornament to the scene. Then there are at a few paces from the College the large buildings of the Theological Seminary, which the genius and piety of the late Dr Rice erected amid difficulties that would have sunk a common man. Then there was a blank from the old College to the Court House of Prince Edward; now it is a street with neat residences and boarding schools on its borders. A change has passed, and, although with that change have passed the spirits of a Lacy, a Hoge, a Cushing, and a Rice, and we shed the sympathetic tear to their memory, we cannot but mark the rising splendor of the institution to which such men devoted their talents and their time. It has our cordial wishes for its success, and its present advantages, with the skill of its faculty, entitle it to the highest consideration of the public.

Extract from a letter received in this city, dated FORT GIBSON, (Arkansas) Sept. 13, 1838.

It has been extremely unhealthy in this vicinity this season, although the diseases have not generally proved fatal. The small pox prevails extensively among the Chickasaws, Greeks and Seminoles; they are now dying off by hundreds. There has not yet been a case at this place.

The Cherokees and Seminoles are still emigrating in small parties. We have received about 2200 of the former and 1633 of the latter, who yet seem to entertain a hostile feeling towards the Is-te-hat-kee's (Je) white men. It is with difficulty that any business can be transacted with them in a peaceable manner. In fact, I am of opinion, that the whole frontier is in a state of such excitement, that if matters are not managed rather more favorably towards the Indians, they will combine and have a general Indian war. I think government has pursued rather an impolitic course in one or two instances—first, in employing the Creeks to fight against the Seminoles. The Seminoles and Creeks are one people; they inhabit the same country; consequently continual disturbances occur among them. There have been repeated reports here of the different tribes having determined to attack this place after the Green Corn Dance, (which is an annual festival,) but that time has passed, and thus proved the reports unfounded. I do not anticipate any disturbances at presence. One thing which has tended to suppress immediate hostilities, is the appropriation of $150,000 for the relief of indigent Indians, which seems to give considerable satisfaction among them. After government has fulfilled all promises made to the Indians, and they see no prospect for more pecuniary aid, then, it is to be feared, something may occur. This frontier, at present, is in a very unprotected state; but they are now making preparations to relieve it. Capt Thomas has commenced on the new Fort, which will probably be completed next summer.

Hostilities on the S. W. Frontier.—We have already mentioned, that a Mexican officer was recently killed in the northern part of Texas, and, that instructions and a journal were found on him, from which it appeared that a plan was on foot for forming an extensive organization of the Indians in Texas and on the U. S. frontier for attacking the Texian settlements on Red River and laying waste the whole country from Fort Gibson to Nacogdoches, Gen. Arbuckle, on receiving this information and learning that large parties of Delawares and Cherokess had crossed over, and, with a body of Mexicans, were ready for the attack, ordered two companies of Dragoons to Fort Townson to act as circumstances might require.

Gen. A. in a letter to the Governor of Arkansas, dated Fort Gibson, Sept. 5, says: 'Intelligence was received last night from Fort Jesup, which proves beyond a doubt that war has certainly commenced.' A letter from a Mr Green dated the 21st of August, at Lima, 25 miles east of the Tausse Washita, says, 'we have direct information that Capt. Farmer and thirty of his men have been killed on the Sabine, by the Indians, within the last three days. Blundless', Lewis', and several other plantations, have been sacked, and their places surrounded, since Saturday, by hostile Indians The road is completely lined with wagons for the lower prairies.'

Gen. Arbuckle has communicated all the facts of the case to the Governor of Arkansas with orders to the commandant at Little Rock to furnish such ordinance as the Governor may require for the militia in the event of further hostilities.—*St. Louis Republican.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Barrett, Mr Samuel Adams, Jr. to Miss Laura A. Gooding.

On Tuesday evening last, by Rev. Mr Frothingham, Mr William Russell Sumner to Miss Anna Alleyne Chickering.

In South Boston, Mr John B. Badger to Miss Sarah P. Sprague.

In Roxbury, 10th inst. Mr Emerson Foote, of Cold Springs, N. Y. to Msis Maria H. daughter of the late Charles Shepherd, Esq of Northampton.

In Roxbury, Mr Cushing Stetson, of Baltimore, to Mrs Frances E. B. Bowles, daughter of the late M. William Burrows.

In Sharon, 15th inst. by Rev. Mr Storer, Isaac Ellis, Esq of Dedham, to Miss Emily, daughter of Daniel Stone, M. D.

In Lowell, on Tuesday evening, 6th inst. by Rev. Mr Miles, John M. Wilson, Esq. of Juliet, Illinois, to Miss Martha Ann, daughter of the late Capt. Wm. Appleton, of Portsmouth, N. H.

In Bradford, N. H. Mr Ambrose S. Bracket, of Quincy, to Miss Nancy Brown.

In Hampton Falls, N. H. Mr James S. Smith, of Detroit, to Miss Eunice, daughter of Stephen Dodge, Esq.

In Jaffrey, N. H. on the 9th inst, Mr William Smith, of La Harpe, Ill. to Miss Elizabeth Stearns, youngest daughter of Mr John Stearns, of Jaffrey.

In Brooklyn, L. I. 14th inst. Mr Calvin Ryder, of Yarmouth, to Miss Rebecca N. Elliott, of Philadelphia,

In Syracuse, N. Y. 5th inst. Mr Ezra Towne, to Miss Frances Cook, of this city.

DEATHS.

In this city, 9th, Mrs Elizabeth, widow of the late William Davis, Esq. 70.

In this city, on the 11th inst. after a protracted sickness, Miss Rebecca Francis, 39.

10th inst. of cholera infantum Charles A., son of G. W. and Louisa R. Goddard, 23 months.

In this city, Martha T., daughter of Mr Wm. N. Sawyer, 3 years 11 months.

At Roxbury, on Tuesday evening, of consumption, Mrs Sarah F. Hobart, wife of Mr Albert Hobart, 35.

At Jamaica Plain, Roxbury, 6th instant, Luther Seaverns Winchester, youngest son of Mr William Winchester, Jr. 3.

In Charlestown, 11 inst. Edwin, son of Mr Charles Russell, 2 years.

In Charlestown, Mr William Staples, 25.

In Lexington, Mrs Sarah Hartwell, 83.

At Andover, Oct. 12, Mrs Deborah Pearson, relict of the late Abiel Pearson, M. D. 75.

In Hingham, Miss Almira H. Webber, of this city, 19.

'Yet not unmeet it was, that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.'

In Pittsfield, 6th inst, Mr Nathan Willis, Jr. 36, son of Hon. Nathan Willis.

In Springfield, Mary Cushing, daughter of Hon. Geo. Ashmun, 4.

In Ware, Mass. 30th ult. Rev. Augustus Brown Reed, son of Mr Elijah A. Reed, of Rehoboth, 40.

In Edgartown on Monday last, very suddenly, Cornelius Marchant, Esq. 75. He was found sitting in his office with his arm leaning on his desk, and his head inclined forward resting upon his arm, and when first discovered was supposed to be asleep. On approaching nearer to him, it was perceived that he had gone to 'that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns.' C Marchant, Esq. has for some years been the sole survivor of that melancholy and distressing shipwreck of the Privateer Gen. Arnold, Capt. Magee, which occurred in the month of December, 1778, in Plymouth harbor. For forty years and upwards he sustained the office of Register of Probate for the County of Dukes County, and held the office of Clerk of the Courts for the same county about twenty years.

In Edgartown, Mr Oliver Crosby, 65.

In Barnstable, Mr Benjamin Hathaway, 74.

At the residence of his brother, near Sing Sing, N Y. 13th inst, Com. John Orde Creighton, U. S. Navy.

At Santa Martha, Sept. 12th, C. K. Fitzgerald, Esq. Vice Consul of the U. States.

In Cincinnati, 4th inst. of consumption, Mr George A. Jackson, formerly of this city, 31.

Near Jacksonville, Illinois, Sept. 13th, Barlow Truman, Esq. formerly of Ware, Mass. 38; and on the 14th, Mrs Martha B. Truman, his wife, daughter of Mr Ephraim Fairbank, formerly of Oakham,

In St. Louis, Missouri, 27th ult, Mr James Homer, 33, formerly of this city.

At New Orleans, 7th ult. of yellow fever, Mr Caleb Davis Field, 24, late of this city.

On the 11th Sept. at Hawesville, Hancock Co. Kentucky, J Leatham Field, 19. A native of Weston, Mass. son of the Rev. Joseph Field of that place

He was beloved and respected, by all who had known him, for his good qualities of mind and heart, and although in a country far distant from his home, and in a strange land, he died among friends recently but strongly attached to him.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.
PALESTINE.

MR BUCKINGHAM'S Course of EIGHT LECTURES on PALESTINE, will be delivered at the CDEON, on the Evening of MONDAY and FRIDAY, in each week, commencing on MONDAY, the 22d inst., at half past 7 o'clock, exactly.

TICKETS FOR THE COURSE.

Single Gentlemen,	$3 00
Lady and Gentleman,	$5 00
Family of Three,	$7 00
Family of Four,	$8 00

Single Lectures, 50 cents.

Tickets of each class to be had at the following Bookstores in Washington street. C. C. Little & Co., 112, W. D. Ticknor, 135, Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, 59, Weeks, Jordan & Co., 121.

☞ The Members of the Mercantile Library Association will receive their Tickets through the Committee, at their Rooms. oct 20

EGYPT—DAY COURSE.

MR BUCKINGHAM having been strongly solicited to give a Day Course on Egypt for the accommodation of some who were absent from Boston, and others who could not attend in the Evening, has made arrangements for delivering a course of SIX Lectures on Egypt, in the MARLBOROUGH CHAPEL, Washington Street, on the Afternoons of WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY in each week, commencing on WEDNESDAY the 24th inst. at 1 2 past 3 o'clock exactly, and ending 1-4 before 5.

TICKETS FOR THE COURSE.

Single Gentlemen,	$2 00
Lady and Gentleman,	$3 50
Family of Three,	$5 00
Family of Four,	$6 00

Single Lecture 50 cents.

To Pupils, and Young Persons generally, this Afternoon Course will be found peculiarly eligible, and the Chapel will be well aired and rendered comfortable for their accommodation. Tickets will therefore be supplied to Heads of Schools and Families, for the admission of Pupils and Young Persons under 16, at 25 cents for each Lecture, or one dollar for the whole Course.

Tickets of each class to be had of the following Booksellers in Washington street. C. C. Little & Co., 112, W. D. Ticknor, 135, Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, 59, Weeks, Jordan & Co. 121 oct 20

FOR SALE TO THE TRADE AND AT RETAIL. How shall I Govern my School? By E. C. Wines.

American Education: by B. O. Peers; Introduction by F. L. Hawks.

Fireside Education: by the author of Peter Parley's Tales.

Home Education, by Isaac Taylor.
Peter Parley's Botany—a new book.
Guizot's History of Civilization in Europe.
De Tocqueville's Democracy in America.
Health and Beauty: by John Bell.
Mrs. Sigourney's Letters to Mothers.
Religious Souvenir: edited by Mrs Sigourney.
Spring's Fragments from the study of a Pastor.
Tale of Hugenots—Introduction by Dr Hawks.
Hints to Young Men: by Dr Woodward.
Young Lady's Aid: by Jason Whitman.
Young Lady's Friend—Boston edition.

WEEKS, JORDAN & CO,
oct 20 121 Washington street.

NEW BOOKS.—Harry Austin, or Adventures in the British Army: by an Officer.
Oliver Twist, by 'Boz,' No 3 Part 2.
Nicholas Nickleby, No 6, by 'Boz.'
Carey on the Wealth and Principles of Political Economy—Part 2d.
The Life of Hannah More, by Thompson.
Duty and Inclination, by Miss L. E. Landon.
The Young Lady's and Young Gentleman's Annual for 1839, with neat engravings.
Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd's, Tales and Poems, a fine English edition, in 6 vols.
Just received and for at TICKNOR'S
oct 20 Corner of Washington and School sts.

SCHOOL LECTURES.

THE Second Lecture in the course, will be delivered at the Hall opposite the Savings Bank, in Tremont steeet, on Wednesday next, at 3 o'clock precisely—by Rev. Jacob Abbott. Subject, 'The advantage of discerning peculiarities in pupils, and of adapting one's self to them.'

All person interested, and especially ladies engaged in elementary instruction, are invited to attend throughout the course.

G. F. THAYER,
oct 20 For the Committee.

LIFE OF MRS HAWKES.—Memoirs of Mrs Hawkes, late of Islington; including remarks in conversation, and extracts from Sermons and Letters of the late Rev Richard Cecil. By Catharine Cecil.
Just received and for sale at TICKNOR'S,
oct 20 Corner of Washington and School sts.

ENGLISH BOOKS.

GLEANINGS OF NATURE, containing fifty-seven groups of animals and plants, elegantly colored, by Robert Mudie.
Insects mentioned in Shakespeare.
The Flower Garden.
Physical Man.
Just received at TICKNOR'S,
oct 20 Corner of Washington and School sts.

SECOND EDITION OF DE TOCQUEVILLE. *WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.* publish this day, for the New England Trade and for retail,

Democracy in America, by Alexis de Tocqueville, Avocat a la Cour Royale de Paris, &c. Translated by Henry Reeve, with an original Preface and Notes by John C. Spencer, Counsellor at Law. Second American edition.

*** The first edition of this work was sold in a few weeks from its issue, and a new one has been published in the same style, 1 vol. 8vo.

It has been pronounced by every editor and reader of the work, the most philosophical work on the institutions of the United States ever published. o 20

MENTAL AND MORAL CULTURE.

MR ALCOTT will re-open his School, at his dwelling, No. 6 Beach Street, on Monday, October first, for the admission of children of both sexes, from four to twelve years of age.

Instruction will be given in Spelling, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, and English Grammar; with the Latin and French Languages, if desired.

Particular attention will be given to the general discipline of the intellectual faculties, and to the manners and morals of the pupils.

Terms—for the English studies $8.00 a quarter.
—with Latin and French 12.00 "
for children under five years of age 6.00 "

Boston, Sept. 29, 1838. 3m

PROBUS; or Rome in the Third Century. In letters of Lucius M. Piso from Rome to Fausta the daughter of Gracchus at Palmyra, 2 vols.

ZENOBIA; or the Fall of Palmyra. In letters of Lucius M. Piso from Palmyra to his friend Marcus Curtius at Rome, 2 vols.

Extract from the North American Review for October 1838.

'The Letters from Palmyra,' of which the present work is the sequel, is one of the most brilliant additions to American Literature. To have fallen on a subject of such admirable capabilities, and unappropriated by previous seekers after attractive themes for works of fiction, was a piece of rare good fortune, in an age of such literary abundance as the present; to have treated it in a manner fully equal to its demands on the imagination required high powers persevering labor, and the keenest perception. All this was done in that beautiful work.

The style of these works cannot be too highly commended. It is easy, graceful, and pure—varying with the subject, and happily expressive of all its changes. In narrative, it is simple and unadorned. In description of external scenery it becomes ornate, and sometimes highly colored. The plot is carried on amidst the antiquities and innumerable historical associations of the Eternal City. It is a great excellence in fictitious composition, to make the reader *see* the things described. This is precisely the leading excellence of the descriptive parts in both of our authors works. They seem to be realities reduced to writing. The book leaves an impression of completeness, just proportion, and admirable distribution of parts, which are found in perfection only in the works of great masters.'

Published by J. H. FRANCIS, 128 Washington st. oct 6

PURE SPERM OIL.

E. T. HASTINGS, 101 State street, has constantly for sale Winter, Fall, and Spring strained Sperm Oil, of first quality, for family use. Oil cannisters of various sizes.

Oil sent to any part of the city, free of expense.
jan 13 1stf

POETRY.

'There is something in these stanzas, to us inexpressibly pathetic and mournful; they are indeed "beautiful exceedingly," and such as any of our own poets might well be proud of.'—*Edinburg Rev.*

LINES ON PASSING THE GRAVE OF MY SISTER.

BY FLINT.

On yonder shore, on yonder shore,
Now verdant with the depth of shade,
Beneath the white-armed sycamore,
There is a little infant laid.
Forgive this tear—a brother weeps—
'T is there the faded flowret sleeps.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone,
And summer's forest's o'er her wave;
And sighing winds at autumn moan
Around the little stranger's grave,
As though they murmured at the fate
Of one so lone and desolate.

In sounds that seem like sorrow's own,
Their funeral dirges faintly creep;
Then, deep'ning to an organ tone,
In all their solemn cadence sweep,
And pour, unheard, along the wild,
Their desert anthem o'er a child.

She came, and passed. Can I forget
How we whose hearts had hailed her birth,
Ere three autumnal suns had set,
Consigned her to her mother earth!
Joys and their memories pass away;
But griefs are deeper ploughed than they.

We laid her in her narrow cell,
We heaped the soft mould on her breast,
And parting tears, like rain-drops, fell
Upon her lonely place of rest.
May angels guard it—may they bless
Her slumbers in the wilderness.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone;
For, all unheard, on yonder shore,
The sweeping flood, with torrent moan,
At evening lifts its solemn roar,
As, in one broad, eternal tide,
The rolling waters onward glide.

There is no marble monument,
There is no stone with graven lie,
To tell of love and virtue blent
In one almost too good to die,
We needed no such useless trace
To point us to her resting place.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone;
But, midst the tears of April showers,
The genius of the wild hath strown
His germs of fruits, his fairest flowers,
And cast his robe of vernal bloom,
In guardian fondness, o'er her tomb.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone;
But yearly is her grave turf-dressed,
And still the summer vines are thrown,
In annual wreaths across her breast,
And still the sighing autumn grieves,
And strows the hallowed spot with leaves.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN EXTRAORDINARY INDIVIDUAL.

PRETENDER TO THE THRONE OF FRANCE.

Our readers probably do not require to be informed that there is an individual now wandering about in Europe, calling himself Duke of Normandy, and claiming to be the legitimate sovereign of France by birthright. He maintains that the boy Dauphin, the son of Louis the sixteenth, did not perish in the Temple, soon after the execution of the father, but that his life was preserved, and that the dead body exhibited was that of a substitute provided for the express purpose of facilitating the real Dauphin's escape, by creating a belief that he had perished, in the minds of those whom it was important that he should be effectually disposed of. This soi-disant Duke of Normandy, now an elderly man, insists that he is the royal boy thus preserved by stratagem; and he has been for several years engaged in persevering, but so far very unsuccessful, efforts to establish his claims to royal paternity. He has indeed made some converts, who manifest a constancy of devotion scarcely exceeded in the annals of loyalty.

For the last twenty years we have occasionally met with notices of his movements and pretensions, and of the proofs by which the latter are supported; but as yet he has not succeeded in gaining his great object, an interview with or any notice from the Duchess D'Angouleme, (who, if he is really the son of Louis XVI, is his only sister,) although he has caused to be published numerous and minute details of events that took place in his childhood, and by which, as they could be known only to herself and her brother, he maintains that she must recognize him. He has applied in turn to half the monarchs in Europe—not exactly for support, but for their influence with the Duchess, to gain for him a hearing; and he declares that Napoleon was so well satisfied of his identity, as secretly to grant him a liberal pension—instigated thereto, he says, by sympathy for his misfortunes, and perhaps by some undefined notion of using him, in some possible emergency, against his supposed uncle, Louis XVIII.

It has often struck us as rather singular that the Duchess remains so obstinately silent as to the pretensions of this individual. The details he gives of his imprisonment in the Temple, of his father's words and actions throughout that imprisonment, and of little occurrences during his childhood which could be known only, it would seem, to the family of Louis XVI, are so minute and circumstantial that they appear to afford ample means of proving him an impostor, if he is one; yet the Duchess will not speak, either for or against him; she will neither admit nor deny the truth of his statements: and as we have already said, he has in vain solicited, for years, an opportunity of conversing with her, although he declares that in a private interview he can produce such other testimonials of his identity as must convince her—testimonials of such a nature that he will not exhibit them to the world, but only to the person who alone can know their validity. Yet notwithstanding all this, his sister, (if he is the rightful Louis XVII,) has adhered, so far as we can learn, to a system of rigid and obstinate silence, and neither Charles X, nor Louis XVIII, nor any other member of the family, has ever taken any notice of his pretentions.

It is a somewhat curious fact that, supposing his assertions to be true, there are now living no fewer than five heirs of the throne of France; the Duke of Orleans, son, and the Count of Paris, grandson of Louis Phillippe; the Duke of Bordeaux, grandson of Charles X; the soi disant Duke of Normandy; and Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, nephew of the Emperor and grandson by adoption, who claims as next in succession to the Duke of Reichstadt. Who can say whether by some strange turn of fortune's wheel, and one of these five may, or may not, at some future day, become possessor of a crown which has already, within fifty years, been worn by three dynasties, and for a time lain in abeyance, and without an owner? [New York Commercial Advertiser.

The following is the commencing part of a narrative, drawn up by the alleged Duke of Normandy, the ill-fated son of Louis XVI.

After stating that he asks for nothing but his civil inheritance, the private property which belonged to the royal family of France before the first revolution, of which he declares no government has a right to deprive him, he says:—'In order to enlighten my natural judges, it is not necessary for me to write the history of France, but only to relate those facts which have been engraved on my memory from my childhood, and are indisputable proofs of my identity.

'The narrative is intended to prove that the child who died in the temple was not the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, and that I alone am the Duke of Normandy, the true son of the martyr king. As such, I perfectly remember as far back as the time when we quitted Versailles to fix our residence in Paris. I even remember some facts anterior to that period. Before the 6th of October I occupied the apartment formerly occupied by my brother, near to those which belonged to Mesdames Victoire and Adelaide. It was then that Madame de Saint Hilaire, who was of Madame Victoire's household, had frequent opportunities of seeing me. In one of these rooms I slept the last night that we slept at Versailles. It was thence that my father carried me in his arms, to save me from the assassins. He was followed by Madame de Berri, who had sat up with me that night; she went with my father and me by a private staircase into the room where we found my mother, who took me in her arms, and covered me with her night cloak, which was of a white material. A person went to fetch my clothes to dress me, which was done in my father's room. I have not forgotten that person. My sister (the Duchess of Angouleme) who is seven years older than I am, was present at the time. She ought to ask of him, who says that he is her brother, who that person was? For the truth of this statement, which can only be known to the son of Louis XVI., I appeal to the Duchess of Angouleme herself.

'During our journey from Versailles to Paris two monsters carried at the end of their pikes the heads of two men. They walked in front of our carriage. Between them there was a man of ferocious aspect; he wore a long beard, and carried on his shoulder the bloody axe with which probably he had perpetrated this horrible sacrifice. At last they made us stop opposite a shop, which these villains entered and soon returned from. After having produced the heads of these victims, suddenly one of these wretches came towards us, and thrust one of the heads in my face. I was standing at the door of the carriage, against which one of our guards was leaning, to protect us from the mob. This brave man kept off all those who approached to force him away, in order to do us some injury, but he could not prevent the assassins from putting one of the heads under my eyes. I was so terrified at this frightful spectacle that I threw myself into my mother's arms and hid my face in her bosom. Of all the people who were with me in the carriage one only is still living; it is my sister. Will she have the culpable resolution to deny this fact, which no one in the world can know except her brother? At length, arrived at Paris, we were carried off by the people, and conducted to the Hotel de Ville. I ascended the stairs between my mother and Marie Elizabeth. These tender friends led me into a large hall, which was already full of men, many of whom were drunk. We remained there till a late hour of the night, and, notwithstanding the tumultuous cries of the populace during our passage from the Hotel de Ville to the Tuileries, I had fallen asleep in the carriage on my father's lap, and I was awoke by the cry, 'My son! my son! They have carried him away.' I replied 'Mamma,' for in truth I found myself in the hands of a stranger, who put me into the arms of a brother of Clery, valet-de-chambre to my sister, whose name was Hannet. I have such a perfect recollection of this faithful servant that I remember, as if it had happened but yesterday, that he used to amuse my sister and myself in our childhood with the sight of a magic lantern in the evening. I was then four years old. Hannet restored me to the solicitude of my mother, who pressed me to her bosom and covered me with kisses. It is no doubt very easy with a good memory to relate what has been written by others respecting what passed during our misfortunes; but all these details which have remained unknown, and have never been published, are the touchstone for the Duchess of Angouleme if she wishes to convince herself of the truth.

'Let us proceed to some examples:—I was very young when the journey to Varennes was decided upon; nevertheless I well remember that the Count de Provence was conversing, in my presence, with my father and mother before our departure, but I thought nothing of it. My mother woke me suddenly in the middle of the night, and in the presence of my sister, who, as I knew, slept in the floor above me. When I was awakened by the repeated kisses of my mother I saw Mde. de Tourzel by my side; she took me in her arms, and, without saying a word, we went down to my mother's apartment, where this tender mother, still caressing me, dressed me in the disguise of a little girl. The Duchess of Angouleme has allowed herself to be persuaded that I may have studied my part in the written history of the time; but I will say to her royal highness, ask of those whose endeavors are united to estrange you from me where such details are to be found in print. I was disguised then, and afterwards laid at the bottom of the carriage, where I remained for some time asleep. Some one trod upon me in getting into the carriage; it was my aunt. I was frightened, and therefore I said nothing till my mother rejoined us; she kept me on her knees till the moment we changed our carriage. Our carriage stopped; my father spoke for some time with some people who were with us; at last he got out to look for the other carriage, which was not yet arrived, returned with that carriage, and made my mother get out, who placed me at the same time on the lap of Mde. de Tourzel, who was with us. Afterwards my father returned to me, and took me himself in his arms, and gave me to my mother, who was already in the other carriage.

'Deny these facts, Duchess of Angouleme, or let those intriguers who surround you say where this was to be found in print before I informed you of it through M. Morel de Mont Didier.

'The carriage drove on, and I slept in my mother's lap till the next morning. I then observed that my father was disguised, and I asked my mother why I was in the disguise of a little girl. My sister interrupted me by saying to aunt Mde. Elizabeth, who was in the same carriage with us, and had not been in my mother's room when I was disguised, nor when we left the Tuileries, '*Yesterday he thought we were going to act a comedy.*' 'Or a tragedy,' said my mother to me; 'but be prudent, my son; and, if you are asked your name, say that it is Aglar, and your sister's name is Amelia.' Where then, madam, again I ask, had these things been printed before I wrote to you in 1816? Or have you not received the papers of the brave soldier whom you sent to the minister of the police? Well, madam, you have not chosen to receive me! It is you, then, who force me to hold this language, and my history will unveil to you hereafter your amiable friends, who tell you daily how much they honor you, in order the more easily to deceive you and to let you die in your sorrows, which you certainly do not deserve. At the same time it is possible to sin by omission, and hence, dear sister, you will feel that Providence is not unjust. Lay your hand on your heart and consider those by whom you are surrounded, and those with whom they are in correspondence. It is intended that princes and princesses should see with their own eyes, therefore let us make use of them.

'We soon arrived in a town in which all the houses were covered with tiles in the form of an S reversed. I asked the name of this town, which my father told me was called Chalons-sur-Marne. Afterwards we reached a little town where we thought to have been stopped. I am not certain of the name, but I believe it was Epernay. A young officer of the national guard, with whom my mother conversed a good deal without leaving the carriage, extricated us happily for that time.

'It was night when we arrived at Varennes, where we were stopped and previously detained, at the house of a man named Sanze, whose wife, who waited on us, treated us with tolerable civility. Our sad return is so well known that I shall not enter into the details of it; nevertheless there is one circumstance which I must not omit.

'A. M. Latour Maubourg, one of the commissioners who was taking us back to Paris, followed with Petion in another carriage. Though these gentlemen were supported by the populace, they yet suffered a friend of my father to be assassinated before our eyes, a friend who was well known to M. Latour Maubourg. It was at the moment when the furious populace was assassinating this friend that Barnave, who was in our carriage, took me on his knees, in order more easily to protect me in case of need. During our journey he frequently pressed my hands, and continued to lavish on me many tokens of interest till our arrival in Paris. In the garden before the Tuileries, Barnave delivered me into the hands of an officer of the national guard, who carried me to the hall of assembly in the castle. There M. Hue took possession of me, and carried me to my apartment, where I was for some time guarded by officers of the national guard.

'All that happened between this period and the 28th of June is well known. I should not allude to these unhappy recollections if it had not been asserted very recently that I was seen that day in my father's room at the moment when the misguided populace had just forced the doors of his apartment. This assertion is false. I very well remember that we were in my father's room immediately before—this fact is true; but as soon as the danger became apparent from the yells of the mob, my mother hurried my sister and myself into another room, where we remained. It was the Princess de Lamballe who persuaded my mother to stay with us, for she was bent upon returning to my father who was in danger. It is important that I should recall this circumstance to the recollection of Madame, because she cannot have forgotten that the Princess threw herself into my mother's arms, when she would have returned to the room where my father had remained with our aunt, Marie Elizabeth. I here appeal to the Duchess of Angouleme herself. Will she reject her brother under the vain pretext that he would have forgotten this particular circumstance which I here relate, and the name of her who threw herself into my mother's arms to prevent her returning to the apartment, the doors of which had already been burst open by the mob? The other details of that unhappy day are too well known for me to dwell upon them. The fact which I have first mentioned proves sufficiently that I have forgotten nothing which happened in my presence. From this day forward my mother was constantly in tears—this day, which was the forerunner of the 10th of August. It is clear, then, that I perfectly remember the facts which I have transmitted to my sister in proof of my identity. Amongst other persons who slept in my room on the night of the 9th of August, was my mother, who came to seek some moments of repose, and threw herself for that purpose on the bed of the person who sat up with me that night. [English paper.]

Coleridge relates of his school-master, Boyer, that after having flogged him, he always gave him an extra cut, saying, 'there, take that, for being so ugly.'

SAILOR'S HOME.

We select a few interesting particulars and anecdotes relating to this excellent institution from a report of the doings at the late public meeting of the friends of seamen in the Marlboro' Chapel, which appeared in the N. Y. Evangelist of Oct. 13.

The Directors of the Boston Seamen's Friend Society purchased a large and commodious house, sufficient to accommodate fifty boarders. The services of Captain Brown and lady were procured, to take charge of the establishment. The whole number of sailors who have been accommodated with lodgings since 1836, is 1070. Captain Brown and his lady have managed with prudence and economy. It has been no sinecure to them, as they have had nothing but their food and clothing, except some donations from their friends. Yet the amount received for board has fallen considerably short of meeting the expenses. Of the 1070 boarders, 40 were ship-wrecked mariners, who were furnished gratuitously; 140 are now officers of vessels, 75 of whom have received their appointment since their residence at the Sailors' Home. Many of them were rescued from intemperance; and nearly all of them are now members of the Windward Anchor Temperance Society, which is organized on the principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors; thus giving additional security to the ships on which they are employed. These men have deposited hundreds of dollars in the Savings Bank. They have learned to respect themselves.

A large number of crews have been supplied from the Sailor's Home, and it is impossible to supply the demand for crews. Such is the reputation it has acquired, that men have shipped as residents who have not been there. The testimony in favor of the good behavior of those who are shipped from this house is abundant. One master says of his crew, that he believed they always paid attention to their Bibles, but they never neglected their duty. He believed his owners had saved $150 or $200, by having seamen from this house.

When this establishment was first opened, it was considered an experiment; but it is so no longer. It has been tried; and now similar establishments may be found in nearly all the large ports in the Union.

ANECDOTE OF THE RAPACITY OF A LANDLORD.

But, in this city, all our efforts for the salvation of seamen were found to be unavailing, from the fact that they were so much under the influence of their landlords, as to counteract every good influence that could be exerted upon them. It was for the interest of the landlord to keep the sailor as degraded, and ignorant, and profligate as possible, that he might fleece him of his money. As an instance of the rapacity of these men, and to show the severity with which sailors are dealt with by them, I will mention a case: A man was enlisted by his landlord at the navy yard, the landlord pocketing three months' advance pay. Under the influence of that man, the sailor deserted, and was secreted in his house, until another berth offered, when he was again shipped, and another month's wages advanced. Under the same influence he deserted again, and was again shipped; and thus five months' advance wages remained in the hands of the landlord. When the sailor got away from the influence of his landlord, and became sober, he saw the evil of his conduct, and determined not to be influenced by him again; but on his return, the first man that met him was this same landlord, who invited him to go to his house: but the sailor declined—the landlord urged and threatened, but could not persuade him to put himself again within his power. The landlord then went over to the navy yard, and reported that man as a deserter, and the poor sailor was shipped round the Cape of Good Hope, while the landlord received the pay for delivering up the deserter.

It was with the knowledge of such facts as this, that the friends of the seaman made the effort to deliver him out of the hands of his landlord, and for which purpose the Home was purchased. The sailor is a harmless man, and he feels the influence of kindness. He soon appreciated the object, and the experiment has been successful.

The friends of seamen knew something of the sailor. They knew that the elements of the sailor's character had been formed amidst the wonders of God in the deep. It is in the storm and the calm—amid the roar of the tempest, and the lightning's flash, that the sailor learns to think, and feel, and act; and if the maddening passions which overtake him can have an opportunity to subside, he has yet a heart to feel. The house was filled, and now the homeless seaman again became a man. Under the care, and affection, and skill of the Christian, the bonds that were broken when he turned himself away are united, and again he has a stake in society.

And what are the lessons taught at that home? Prudence, temperance, obedience to officers, and fidelity. Where else has the sailor ever learned these lessons? At the rope's end, and at the top of the mast. But where else have these lessons ever come to him, seconded by the kindly spirit breathed by the Savior? The savings bank receives his little earnings; and the man who felt that it was bad luck to go to sea with '*siller*' in his pocket, now becomes, on a small scale, a capitalist. And this capital accumulates; and perhaps, in a few years, he may become an owner.

NARRATIVE OF FACTS ILLUSTRATING THE GOOD EFFECTS OF THE HOME.

A ship's crew was taken from the Home, and entered on a noble packet for Charleston, and thence to Havre. At Charleston, they were tempted to desert, but they did not. During the whole passage across the waters, they tasted no spirits, for they had none on board. But when they arrived at Havre, they went through all the streets and lanes of the city, inquiring for a temperance boarding-house; and when they could find none, rather than live within the scent of liquor, they procured a shed, and set up house-keeping for themselves. Will you say, then, that the sailor does not know how to be temperate on land, as well as on shipboard? Right or wrong, his soul enters into whatever he takes hold of.

In further illustration of the lessons taught at the Sailor's Home, I will mention another fact: A gentleman well inclined to the object, yet somewhat sceptical as to its success, observed, 'I will believe, when you send a ship's crew to New Orleans, and they come back.' At that very time, the ship Florence was on her way and she came in. In New Orleans, the crew had been offered each $45 a month, if they would desert, at a time when they were receiving but $17. But they respected themselves, and their Home, and their pastor too much, to be guilty of such an act. To a man they returned. Of these men, there is not one who is not now an officer of a ship. It is by such facts that are coming continually to their knowledge, that the Directors feel impelled to persevere; and it is that they may be enabled to persevere, that they now come and ask the aid of your charity and your prayers. And who will withhold it? Has not the sailor a claim, founded on the principles of the Bible? The people of God were forbidden to muzzle even the dumb ox that treadeth out the corn? But how much more are we indebted to the sailor? Whence come your riches? Who has built these palaces? Who has made your merchants princes? Ah! many of them are gone down into the deep. And whence will they come up on the morning of the resurrection? Not from the family tomb, or the quiet grave yard; but from earth's ends—from numberless graves—from many a river in heathen and savage lands—and many from the bosom of the deep. Say, ye, who revel in luxury, shall these men with hard hands but generous souls, endure all these toils, and privations, and dangers, for your sakes, and will you make them no grateful return, by contributing to their intellectual, moral, and religious elevation.

ELMS.—The New Haven Herald, states the circumference of some of the largest elms in that city, a foot and a half above the surface of the ground as follows:

Tree in front of Divinity College, 12 feet average of trunk.
do do Judge Mills' house, 13 1-2 to 15 1-2
do do Mrs Foster's do 13 feet average,
do do Mr Bristol's do 14 1-2 to 18 feet.

This last tree was one of a pair set out in the year 1688, before the house of the Rev James Pierpont. Tradition informs that the house was built for their Pastor by the voluntary contributions of the people, and that one poor man having nothing else to offer, procured two young Elms and planted them as shade trees before the premises. One of them was removed several years since, in consequence of dilapidation.—The other is still in full verdure. —*Journal of Commerce.*

THE ENCHANTED MOUNTAIN.

The following account of a natural curiosity is from the Texas Telegraph:

This singular mountain or hill is situated on the head waters of the Salley—a small tributary of the Colorado, about eighty miles from Bastrop, in a north-westerly direction. It is about three hundred feet high, and appears to be an enormous oval rock partly imbedded in the earth. When the sun shines, the light is reflected from its polished surface as from an immense mirror, and the whole mountain glows with such a dazzling radiance, that the beholder, who views it even from the distance of four or five miles, is unable to gaze upon it without experiencing a painful sensation, similar to that which is felt when looking upon the rising sun. The ascent of this hill is so very gradual, that persons can easily walk up to the top; but the rock is so smooth and slippery that those who make the attempt are compelled to wear moccasins or stockings instead of shoes. This fact, together with the name of the place, Holy Mountain, remind the visitant very forcibly of the command made to Moses at Mount Horeb, 'Put off thy shoes from off thy feet.' The Cumanches regard this hill with religious veneration, and Indian pilgrims frequently assemble from the remotest borders of this tribe, to perform their Paynim rites upon its summit.

STATUE TO DR. JOHNSON.—The statue erected to the memory of the great moralist, in his native city of Lichfield, has been opened to the public, and is highly admired as a work of art, and as a fitting memorial in honor of that distinguished writer. The statue, which is of colossal proportions, being 19 feet high, is placed in the centre of the market-place, opposite the house in which Johnson was born, September 18, 1708. The doctor is represented as sitting in an easy chair, with his chin resting on his right hand, in deep thought, surrounded with a huge pile of books, and habited in the robes of an LL D. with his usual dress. The likeness is acknowledged by all who knew and remember the great original, and the work altogether confers the highest credit on the sculptor, Mr. R. Lucas, a native of Salisbury, and will add much to his already high reputation. The cost of this beautiful work of art, amounting to 800*l.*, has been defrayed by the Rev. J. S. Law, the Chancellor of the Diocese. The pedestal represents three incidents of his life, beautifully carved in relievo—his being carried from school by three boys—his doing penance in the market-place of Uttoxeter—and his listening, perched upon his father's shoulders, at three years of age, to the preaching of the fanatic and popularity-seeking Dr. Sacheverel in Lichfield Cathedral.

ATTIC COOKERY.—On Tuesday a tradesman in Fleet-street treated a friend to a dinner cooked upon an easy and economical principle that is not very generally known. The dish was bacon and eggs, and the method of cooking was simply exposing the viands to the heat of the sun, on the slating of one of the houses in Fleet-street. The slates, having been exposed for several hours to the sun, had absorbed so much warmth, that in the equalization of the latent heat the process of cooking was readily effected, so that the consumer really relished his attic repast.

BAPTIZING BY PROXY.—Mr. Lufkin, formerly of Charlestown, Mass. has made to us the following communication of facts. He spent seven months in the state of Georgia, about a year and a half since; and in the course of his residence there he became acquainted with a number of slaves who were members of the Calvinist Baptist church, and who informed him that they were baptized in the following manner, by a Baptist minister in Brunswick, Ga. They were led down into the water and dipped by a large athletic slave, while the *minister* stood upon the shore, and said, 'I baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.'—*Z. Watch.*

CURIOUS BOTANICAL FACT.—The assertion of Sir H. Davy that no species of plant will vegetate downwards, has been lately contradicted by an eminent florist in London, who placed the bulb of a narcissus in a large glass vase filled with water. The narcissus is now on the point of coming into flower downwards, a large pod of bloom and several leaves being already visible.

A physician of Hamburg, in Germany, has lately invented a new surgical instrument, by means of which he can amputate a leg in one second, and which has the effect of benumbing the pain of the patient by a simultaneous pressure, which accompanies the operation.

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